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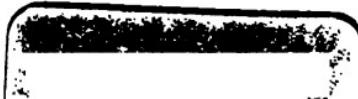
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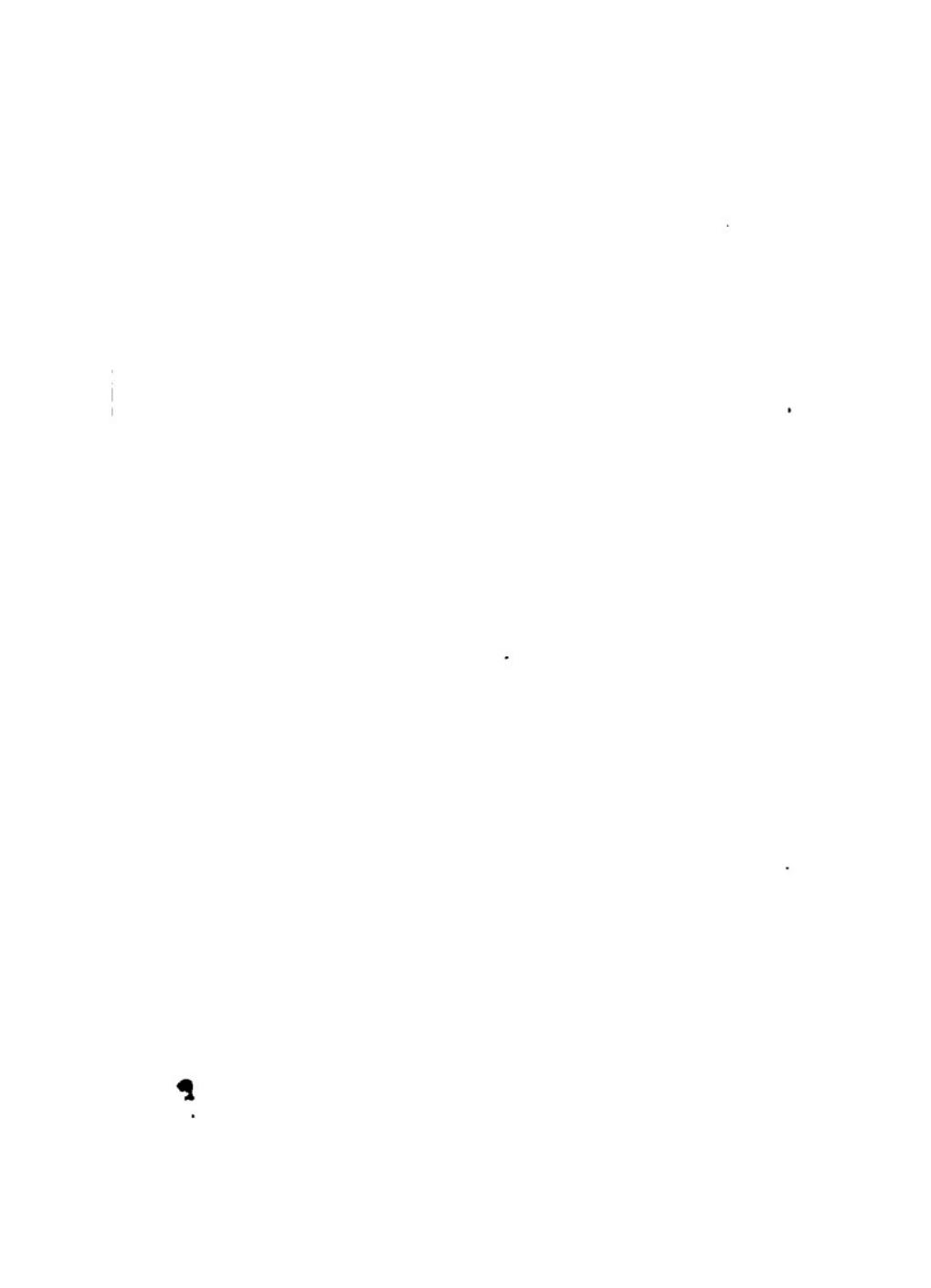
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H Y M N S.







Hymns

for the

Church of England.

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EPHESIANS, v.

Be filled with the Spirit; speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord ; giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.



THE PREFACE.

IT is believed that there are no expressions in this book contrary to the tone and teaching of the Church of England. The hymns which it contains are, it is trusted, devout, scriptural, and evangelical, and calculated by their comprehensiveness, simplicity, and catholicity, to be of service among all classes and all ages.

Every part has been framed with a special view to being sung. The rhythm of each verse is such that an emphatic syllable will, with very few exceptions, be found to occupy the place of the accented note. To each hymn is assigned its own proper tune, the hope of the author and compiler being, that by thus wedding words and music together, the value of both may be enhanced, and the one ever bring the other to remembrance, whether the book be used in the church, the school, or the closet.

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The book is cast upon the waters with an earnest prayer on the part of him who has long laboured in the sweet employ of putting it forth, that the blessing of Almighty God may attend it, and render it a source of edification and comfort to as many as shall use it. To him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.

THOMAS DARLING.

S. MICHAEL's, COLLEGE HILL, LONDON.

March 30. 1859.

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- 8.....CII. XCIII. LXXXIX. CXXI.
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- 11.....CV. XCVIII. CII. CXXIX.
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H Y M N

I.

HOW glorious is the morning sun,
When forth in bright array
He comes his gladdening course to run,
Converting night to day.

The mist that hung the valley o'er
Is up the mountain rolled,
While flood and forest, sea and shore
Are radiant all with gold.

E'en so the world's Redeemer Lord,
The Sun of righteousness,
Pours joyous, healing rays abroad,
The heart of man to bless.

Sin's earth born clouds are rolled away
By his eternal might,
And they whose souls in darkness lay,
Behold a wondrous light.

Now glory to the sacred Three,
The One almighty Lord,
Whose name for evermore shall be
Obeyed, beloved, adored.

HYMN

II.

O CHRIST, with each returning morn
Thine image to our heart be borne ;
And may we ever clearly see
Our God and Saviour, Lord, in thee.

All hallowed be our walk this day ;
May meekness form our early ray,
And faithful love our noontide light,
And hope our sunset calm and bright.

May grace each idle thought control,
And sanctify our wayward soul ;
May guile depart, and malice cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

Our daily course, O Jesu, bless,
Make plain the way of holiness ;
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And cheer at last our journey's end.

H Y M N

III.

A WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy misspent moments past,
And live this day as if thy last ;
Thy talent to improve take care,
For the great day thyself prepare.

In converse shew thyself sincere,
In conscience be as noonday clear ;
Think, how all seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

Influenced by the light divine,
Let thine own light in good works shine ;
Reflect all heaven's propitious ways
In ardent love, and cheerful praise.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
Glory to the eternal King.

H Y M N

IV.

A LL praise to thee in light arrayed,
Who light thy dwelling place hast made ;
An immense ocean of bright beams
From thine all glorious Godhead streams.

Most gracious Lord, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept,
Grant that when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

Shine on me, Lord, new life impart,
Fresh ardours kindle in my heart ;
One ray of thine all quickening light
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.

Lord, I my vows to thee renew,
Disperse my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

H Y M N

V.

BEHOLD, mine eyes, how yonder sun
Has joyously his race begun ;
His lovely beams the light renew,
All sparkling in the silver dew.

Awake, my glory, lift thy voice,
In sweet melodious strains rejoice ;
With feathered warblers gladly raise
Thy matin chant of thanks and praise.

Arise, my heart, arise, and bless
Thy peace, thy strength, thy righteousness ;
With holy exultation sing,
Extolling Christ, thy Saviour King.

O let both heart and tongue accord
To magnify their gracious Lord,-
And day by day through life proclaim
The wonders of his glorious name.

H Y M N

VI.

O H ! timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise !
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new !

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see ;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every crois and care.

The trivial round, the common task,
Shall furnish all we ought to ask ;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

H Y M N

VII.

NOW from the altar of my heart
Let incense flames arise :
Assist me, Lord, to offer up
My morning sacrifice.

Awake my love, awake my joy,
Awake my heart and tongue ;
Sleep not, when mercies loudly call,
Break forth in holy song.

My God was with me all this night,
And sent me sweet repose ;
My God did watch, e'en whilst I slept,
Or I had never rose.

Deep rest has gained that strength to me,
Which labour did devour ;
My body was in weakness sown,
But it is raised in power.

Lord, for thy mercies manifold
My humble thanks I pay,
And to thee meekly dedicate
The first fruits of the day.

Let this day praise thee, O my God,
And so let all my days :
And, O let mine eternal day
Be thine eternal praise.

H Y M N

VIII.

O COME, and let us seek delight
In each rejoicing sound and sight
This glorious summer morning :
The birds with mirth are gathering round,
Sweet fruits and lovely flowers abound,
Both hill and dale adorning.

The bees, borne forth on tiny wing,
O'er garden beds their carol sing,
And gather honeyed treasure ;
The spreading trees, in full array,
Their thousand beauteous forms display,
And fill the eye with pleasure.

Large ears the wheat blades now unfold ;
And all exult, both young and old,
The Lord of harvest praising :
To him from whom this bounty flows,
Who every precious gift bestows,
Her song all flesh is raising.

Blest Saviour, let our souls be filled
With freshening showers from heaven distilled,
That they may richly flourish ;
And grant that daily streams of grace
Within our heart's unfertile place
The fruits of faith may nourish.

H Y M N

IX.

GOD, who o'er the earth recordest
Thy ceaseless might,
Who the day for toil affordest,
For rest the night,
Through the darksome hours attend us,
From the powers of ill defend us,
Slumber sweet in mercy send us,
Be thou our light.

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping ;
And when we die,
May we in thy gracious keeping
All peaceful lie :
When the trumpet's call shall wake us,
Do not thou in wrath forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us,
O Lord most high.

King of kings, in strength excelling,
Whom worlds confess,
Whom, before thy presence dwelling,
The angels blefs,
Ever in the new creation
May we joy in thy salvation,
And to thee with adoration
Due praise address.

H Y M N

X.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and thee
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

O let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below,
Praise him above, angelic host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

H Y M N

XI.

O GOD, through countless ages King,
And wondrous in thy sovereign ways,
To thee let all thy children bring
Their evening sacrifice of praise.

Great cause, most blessed Lord, have we
To close the day with praiseful voice ;
And, lifting high the heart to thee,
In thine eternal love rejoice.

With never failing, tender care
Thy bounteous hands our life sustain ;
Through thee redemption's grace we share,
Through thee salvation's hope we gain.

For thousand thousand mercies past,
For joys which now thy gifts afford,
Our thanks before thy throne we cast,
We magnify thy name, O Lord.

H Y M N

XII.

'T IS gone, that bright and orbèd blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near;
Oh ! may no earth born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me, when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

Thou framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest thine own ark:
Amid the howling wintry sea
We are in port if we have thee.

If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick: enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

H Y M N

XIII.

SWEET is the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene ;
When the broad sun's retiring ray
Sheds lustre o'er the evening scene.

So is the Christian's parting hour,
When peacefully he sinks to rest ;
And faith, enkindling all its power,
Lights up the languor of his breast.

There is a radiance in his eye,
A smile upon his wasted cheek,
That seems to tell of glory nigh,
In language that no tongue can speak.

A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his darksome road,
And angels are attending near,
To bear him to the bright abode.

Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's good Spirit thus has blest,
And sink into the soft repose
Of those who sleep on Jesu's breast ?

O Lord, that we in peace may part,
Thy joys to share, thy face to see ;
Impress thine image on our heart,
And teach us now to live to thee.

H Y M N

XIV.

HOW good in Sion's gates to sing
The praise of Christ the Saviour King ;
To bless his name by morning light,
And tell of all his love at night !

O Jesu, fount of heavenly joy —
Of bliss unmixed with earth's alloy —
Full plenteously refreshment give,
While in the world our spirits live.

Vouchsafe us calm and peaceful hours,
Send comforts as the softening showers ;
And ever day by day renew
Thy mercy as the cheering dew.

Lord, guide us where, from sorrow free,
The sad in heart at rest shall be ;
Where they, who now in trouble sow,
Shall everlasting gladness know.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven's triumphant host
By day, by night, in song adore,
Be glory, now, and evermore.

H Y M N

XV.

LO, he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain ;
Holy angel hosts attending
Swell the triumph of his train :
Alleluia !
Christ shall now o'er all things reign.

Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty ;
They who set at nought, and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Meſiah see.

Blest redemption, long expected !
See, a white robed throng appear :
All his saints, by man rejected,
Rise, his solemn pomp to share :
Alleluia !
Songs of gladness rend the air.

Yea, Amen ; let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne ;
Saviour, take thy power and glory,
Claim the kingdoms for thine own :
Alleluia !
Make thy righteous sentence known.

H Y M N

XVI.

BEHOLD the Son of man appear!
From heaven his power revealing ;
The trumpet's awful warning hear,
To earth's far corners pealing :
The dead awake, the graves restore
From sea and land their countless store ;
The quick are called to meet him.

While holy seraph hosts attend,
With might the Lord surrounding,
The saints who slept in Christ ascend,
In blissful peace abounding :
No gloomy thoughts their souls dismay,
The Saviour sheds a gladdening ray
On all prepared to meet him.

But unbelievers, filled with fears,
Remorse their hearts assailing,
Come forth to learn that now their tears
And cries are unavailing :
O'erwhelmed with shame they lift the head ;
Their righteous Judge the guilty dread,
With trembling they shall meet him.

To thee, O Jesu, thanks we raise,
True faith and hope professing ;
Thou art our God, and thee we praise,
Unfeigned love expressing :
Thou art our blest Redeemer Lord,
Our sure exceeding great reward,
Our crown, and high rejoicing.

H Y M N
XVII.

DAY of wrath, O day of mourning !
See the Son's dread sign returning ;
Heaven and earth in ashes burning.

Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth ;
All before the throne it bringeth.

Lo, the book, exactly worded,
Wherein all has been recorded ;
Thence shall judgment be awarded.

King of majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity, then befriend us.

Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant thy gift of absolution,
Ere that reckoning day's conclusion.

Guilty, now we pour our moaning,
All our shame with anguish owning ;
Spare, O Lord, thy suppliants groaning.

Ah, that day of tears and mourning !
From the dust of earth returning,
Man for judgment must prepare him ;
Spare, O Lord, in mercy spare him.

Lord all pitying, Jesu blest,
Grant us thine eternal rest.

H Y M N

XVIII.

WHEN mighty blasts shall rend the deep,
And from the womb of earth
Shall call the myriad souls that sleep
To resurrection's birth ;

When Christ shall make the clouds his seat,
And ride on wings of air ;
When quick and dead, their Judge to meet,
Shall to his throne repair ;

O then repentance will be vain,
And pardon not be found ;
No mercy gift shall then remain,
No healing grace abound.

Prepare, prepare us, gracious God,
Let now our heart begin
To feel thy loving, chastening rod
Destroying all our sin.

H Y M N

XIX.

OUR King, in clouds of light,
With bright angelic train,
Shall come, and all his saints unite,
With him in bliss to reign.

Then let us ready stand,
For his appearing wait,
Have no ungodly work in hand,
And deeds of darkness hate.

Thrice happy they shall be,
Who thus are watchful found ;
They shall with joy the Saviour see,
And be with glory crowned.

The everlasting Son,
Their blest Redeemer Lord,
Who has for them a kingdom won,
Shall be their great reward.

To heaven's eternal Three,
The high and lofty One,
All love and adoration be,
While endless ages run.

H Y M N

XX.

HARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart exult with joy,
And every voice be song.

He comes the prisoners to relieve,
In Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes from darkening scales of vice
To clear the inward sight ;
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial light.

He comes the broken hearts to bind,
The bleeding souls to cure ;
And with the riches of his grace
To bless the lowly poor.

Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thine advent shall proclaim ;
And heaven's exalted arches ring
With thy most holy name.

H Y M N

XXI.

COME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return ;
He gracious is, and will not leave
The desolate to mourn.
His glorious voice calls forth the wind,
And stills the stormy wave,
And his right hand, though strong to smite,
Is also strong to save.

Long has the night of sorrow reigned,
The dawn shall bring us light ;
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in his sight.
Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know him, and rejoice ;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs his voice.

As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round ;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground :
So shall his presence bleſs our souls,
And shed a joyful light ;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

H Y M N

XXII.

O SION, rise and watch,
Prepare to meet thy King ;
Let all within thy walls receive
The peace he comes to bring.

His advent, long foretold,
Shall Satan's power destroy ;
Make ready then, and greet his birth
With hymns of holy joy.

The everlasting Word
Incarnate thou shalt see ;
In servant's form the Son draws nigh,
To make thy children free.

Now bid them cast away
The sinful works of night,
And, putting heavenly armour on,
Stand clad in robes of light.

To cities of the plain,
By Judah's chosen trod,
Lift up thy voice, be not afraid ;
And say, Behold your God.

With tender, loving care
His Israel he shall feed ;
The lambs upon his bosom bear ;
And those in travail lead.

H Y M N

XXIII.

HAIL the night, all hail the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born ;
When amid the wakeful fold
Tidings good the angel told.

Now our solemn chant we raise
Duly to the Saviour's praise ;
Now with carol hymns we bless
Christ the Lord our Righteousness.

While resounds the joyful cry,
“ Glory be to God on high,
Peace on earth, goodwill to men,”
Gladly we respond, Amen.

Thus we greet this holy day,
Pouring forth our festive lay ;
Thus we tell with saintly mirth
Of Emmanuel's wondrous birth.

We in perfect peace would live,
We to God would glory give,
Lauding with the heavenly host
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

H Y M N
XXIV.

WHILE shepherds watched their flock by
night,

All seated on the ground,
An angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

Fear not, said he, for sudden dread
Had seized their troubled mind ;
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line,
A Saviour, which is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign.

The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands
And in a manger laid.

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song :

All glory be to God on high,
And in the earth be peace ;
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease.

H Y M N

XXV.

HARK, the herald angels sing,
Glory to the heavenly King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild :
God and sinners reconciled.

Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies :
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb.

Veiled in flesh the Godhead see ;
Hail incarnate Deity :
Pleased as man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.

Hail the heaven born Prince of Peace ;
Hail the Sun of righteousness :
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.

Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

H Y M N

XXVI.

A SSEMBLE, ye faithful,
Haste with exultation
And gladness of heart unto Bethlehem ;
Raise your Hosannas,
Greeting Christ the Saviour :
O come with adoration,
O come with adoration,
O come with adoration before the Lord.

True God, uncreated,
Infinite, eternal,
Behold, he abhorred not the Virgin's womb ;
Into the Godhead
Taking very manhood :
O come with adoration,
O come with adoration,
O come with adoration before the Lord.

Let now, Alleluia,
Angels and archangels
Throughout the celestial mansions sing ;
Glory to God, be
Chanted in the highest:
O come with adoration,
O come with adoration,
O come with adoration before the Lord.

To thee, holy Jesu,
Born at this good season,
Thou Word of the Father for us made flesh,
Blessing and honour
Give we through the Spirit:
O come with adoration,
O come with adoration,
O come with adoration before the Lord.

H Y M N

XXVII.

LIFT high the sacred canticle,
Pour forth the joyful strain,
Extolling him who evermore
On Sion's hill shall reign.

Exalt the mighty Saviour's name,
Of Jesse's stem the Rod,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The everlasting God.

Let heaven's eternal arches ring,
While thousand thousands raise
To David's Son, and David's Lord,
Triumphant songs of praise.

The dew of his most precious birth
Is of the morning hour ;
He comes e'en like the glorious sun,
Arrayed in living power.

His sovereignty and majesty
Shall more and more increase ;
His throne, now set in righteousness,
Shall give all nations peace.

H Y M N

XXVIII.

THE mountain of the Lord's abode
In latter days shall rise
On mountain tops above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

The beam that now on Sion shines
Shall lighten every land ;
The King who now in Salem reigns
Shall all the earth command.

Among the nations he shall judge,
His judgements truth shall guide ;
His sceptre shall the meek defend,
And quell the scorner's pride.

No wars shall rage, no deadly feuds
Disturb those peaceful years ;
To plowshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruninghooks their spears.

Come then, O house of Jacob, come
To worship at his shrine,
And, walking in his glorious light,
With holy beauties shine.

H Y M N

XXIX.

THE Son of man goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain ;
His blood red banner streams afar —
Who follows in his train ?

Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain ;
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in his train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave ;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on him to save :

Like him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong :
Who follows in his train ?

A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame :

They met the tyrant's brandished sword,
The lion's gory mane ;
They bowed their necks the death to feel :
Who follows in their train ?

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain ;
To us, O God, may grace be given
To follow in their train !

H Y M N

XXX.

THERE are who mount on eagle wings
Above this earthly plain,
And of the everlasting things
A wondrous vision gain.

On pinnacle of rock they stand,
And pierce with steadfast gaze
The sun that o'er the holy land
Pours forth his cheering rays.

They see the glorious majesty
Of heaven's eternal King,
And hear the seraph company
Their Alleluias sing.

The loving and the loved Saint John
In isle of Patmos lay ;
Bright revelations round him shone
On Christ's rejoicing day.

On pinions strong his spirit soared
From sorrow's deepening night,
To taste the prophet's high reward
In realms of endless light.

He saw the golden diadem,
And home of peerless rest,
Reserved in new Jerusalem
For those in Jesus blest.

H Y M N

XXXI.

O CHRIST, our carnal mind control,
And make us pure within ;
Purge more and more our inmost soul
From wilful thoughts of sin.

Let not the world with spot or soil
Our reins and heart defile ;
Nor Satan round our spirit coil
His chain of fraud and guile.

Be ours the blessed lot of those,
Who every evil flee ;
Whose holy converse clearly shews
Communion full with thee :

That when thou shalt in might appear,
We may thy grace declare,
And thence through heaven's eternal year
Thy glorious kingdom share.

H Y M N

XXXII.

O CHRIST, in whom we live and move,
Our strength and righteousness,
Let not our going forth reprove
The faith our lips confess.

From doing wrong, from taking harm,
From word and thought of ill,
From lust of gold, from pleasure's charm,
Preserve thy people still.

And let, O Lord, our coming in,
Our household works and ways,
Untouched by taint or spot of sin,
Make clearly known thy praise.

Whate'er the path our feet pursue,
May every step proclaim
The worship, love, and honour due
To thy most holy name.

To thee, the true and only Son,
Whom heaven and earth adore,
Who art with God the Father one,
Be glory evermore.

H Y M N

XXXIII.

WHAT light is this whose silvery gleam
On Salem pours its glittering stream ?
What lovely star is this which brings
To Salem's gate these eastern kings ?

Behold the glorious type foretold
On Peor's mountain height of old ;
Behold the heaven appointed sign
Of one now born of Jacob's line.

These princes would the presence gain
Of him who shall o'er Israel reign ;
Of him who shall the Gentiles bless
With healing rays of righteousness.

May all on whom the truth has shined,
The world's Redeemer surely find ;
And, offering gifts from choicest store,
In heart and soul his name adore.

H Y M N

XXXIV.

HOW beautiful the feet that bring
The gladsome tidings here :
What gracious messengers of peace
To our blest eyes appear !

These are the stars which God appoints
To guide the wise in heart ;
To lead them unto Bethlehem,
To bear with Christ their part.

These are the Lord's ambassadors,
By whom his mind we know :
His angels in the nether heaven,
His heralds here below.

Thy servants speak, Lord, but thou dost
The hearing ear bestow :
They smite the rock, but only thou
Canst make the waters flow.

They shoot the arrow, but thy skill
Must bring the arrow home :
They seek, but thy love must compel
The erring ones that roam.

Thou, Lord, art in them of a truth,
Lest we should go astray ;
The twelve bright banners march before,
And shew us Canaan's way.

Bless we our God, who grants us now
To sing in Sion's ways :
When shall we sing on Sion's hill
His everlasting praise ?

H Y M N

XXXV.

A RISE, O Lord, and shine ;
Put forth thy saving might,
And prosper each design
To spread thy glorious light :
Let healing streams of mercy flow,
That heathen realms thy truth may know.

Bring distant people near,
And bid them sing thy praise ;
Let farthest kingdoms hear,
And seek thy holy ways :
Abroad, O Lord, declare thy cause,
Proclaim thy universal laws.

Sail on from shore to shore,
That all the isles may see ;
And each present her store,
In children born to thee :
With peace, O Lord, all nations bleſs,
And fill the earth with righteousness.

To God the only wise,
The one immortal King,
Let Alleluias rise
From every living thing :
Let all that breathe, on every coast,
Bleſs Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

H Y M N

XXXVI.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand ;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Java's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile ;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn,
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny ?
Salvation ! oh, Salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Have learnt Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spread from pole to pole :
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss return to reign.

H Y M N

XXXVII.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Manifest through earth thy light ;
Sun of heavenly grace arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night :
Bid the darkness disappear ;
All the lands with brightness cheer.

Dreary is the noontide hour,
Cold is summer's midday heat,
Till thou puttest forth thy power,
And thy beams the spirit meet :
Till thy gospel rays impart
Peace and joy to warm the heart.

Through each soul, O Jesu, shine,
Pierce the cloud of sin and grief ;
Fill each mind with faith divine,
Scatter wide all unbelief :
More and more thy power display,
Hasten, Lord, the perfect day.

H Y M N

XXXVIII.

THE faith of Christ for evermore
Is full of sacred cheer;
It soothes each sorrow, heals each sore,
And dries up every tear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
Gives manna to the hungry soul,
To those that labour rest.

Behold the Rock on which we build,
Our shield and hiding place;
Our treasure house so richly filled
With stores of heavenly grace.

May we the Saviour's might proclaim
With life's continual breath;
And may the music of his name
Refresh our souls in death.

Now worship, love, and honour be
To God the sovereign Lord;
The holy, blessed, glorious Three
Be through all worlds adored.

H Y M N

XXXIX.

O JESU CHRIST, through weal and woe
The faithful follow thee ;
They tread the path which thou dost go,
Whate'er that path may be.

A fervent love and holy zeal
O'er all their doings shine ;
From morn till eve their works reveal
That they are truly thine.

Like thee, their pattern, guide, and Lord,
Temptation's snare they foil ;
With might they wield the Spirit's sword,
And powers of ill recoil.

And when, in tribulation's day,
Their steps through sorrow run,
They look on thee, and meekly say,
The will of God be done.

By their example cheered, may we
Maintain our earthly strife,
In patience ever following thee,
The way, the truth, the life.

H Y M N

XL.

WHEN holy strains are pealing high,
Stand not in lifeles silence by ;
When these blest courts resound with praise,
Let all a willing anthem raise.

Awake, awake, and take thy part,
Each sleepy, dull, and sluggish heart ;
Arise, and with the heavenly choir
In robes of song thyself attire.

Fear not, ye saints, uplift the voice,
Take courage, and aloud rejoice ;
Give glory to the King of kings,
Laud him from whom all goodness springs.

To God through his eternal Son,
Whose grace has man's redemption won,
Whose saving love has crowned our day,
With one consent glad homage pay.

H Y M N

XLI.

TO Christ the living Lord,
Our Prophet, Priest, and King,
With heart and voice in full accord,
We thankful praises bring.

By his almighty arm,
With never ceasing care,
He guards his saints in midst of harm
From every hurtful snare.

Their life he will defend
Throughout the evil day ;
In death he will deliverance send,
And charm their fears away.

And when all nations stand
Before the judgment throne,
In presence of the angel band
His loved ones he will own.

He will to them afford
The peace without alloy,
And plenteously their souls reward
With everlasting joy.

H Y M N

XLII.

OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go ;
Bear the toil, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry ;
Let not fear your course impede,
God will help in every need.

Faint not, halt not, forward move,
Though the world your faith reprove ;
Forward still with courage press,
Clad in robes of righteousness.

In the strength of heavenly grace
Run with joy the glorious race ;
Trample every hindrance down,
Till the prize your labours crown.

Holy Father, holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Lord of might and majesty,
Grant to us the mastery.

H Y M N

XLIII.

TO Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Let all the just due praise accord ;
To Christ, the world's Redeemer King,
Let all the saints Hosanna sing.

O Saviour, with protecting care
Watch daily o'er this house of prayer ;
Where, gathered in thy sacred name,
We at thy hands a blessing claim.

In every heart a welcome guest
May thy renewing Spirit rest,
And make each chosen soul to be
A vessel pure, and meet for thee.

So may we on that awful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
Rise throughly cleansed from sinful stain,
And thine eternal kingdom gain.

H Y M N

XLIV.

THY temple visit, Lord,
That we may thee confess ;
This holy day be thou adored,
O Christ our righteousness.

Our mind as gold refine,
And for thyself prepare ;
Fulfil our souls with grace divine,
And fix thy presence there.

Now whisper in our breast
Sweet words of gladdening cheer,
How they who on thy promise rest
Shall find thee ever near.

And bid us seek above
The mansions fair and new,
Where eye shall see, and heart shall love,
What faith has counted true.

In peace may we depart,
To those bright realms of joy,
Where saints shall be e'en as thou art,
All pure from sin's alloy.

From all the heavenly host,
And church redeemed from woe,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let endless praises flow.

H Y M N

XLV.

YE heavenly choirs, pour forth to God
A chant so loud and strong,
That all the sons of men may hear,
And join your holy song.

Thou sun, laud him who dwells unseen
Amid unclouded light ;
Extol his everlasting love,
Exalt his boundless might.

Thou moon, throughout the silent hours
The joyful hymn prolong ;
And lift your voice in concert full,
Ye wondrous starry throng.

Awake, ye winds, awake, and bear
Afar the notes of praise ;
From north to south, from east to west
A glorious anthem raise.

O let this universal frame
With sounds of gladness ring,
While all creation's beauteous works
Their Alleluia sing.

H Y M N

XLVI.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim ;
The unwearyed sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.
Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found ;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing, as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.
All adoration be to him,
Whom choirs of veiled seraphim
Around the throne of glory sing,
The mighty God, the sovereign King ;
Who was, and is, and still shall be ;
Coequal, coeternal Three :
From rising unto setting sun
His name be praised, his will be done.

H Y M N

XLVII.

LO, what a glorious sight appears
To our admiring eyes!
The former seas have passed away,
The former earth and skies.

From heaven the holy city comes,
The bride of Christ the Lord;
All things are now by grace renewed,
And righteousness restored.

Attending angels shout for joy,
The white robed armies sing;
Behold, ye saints, the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

His gracious hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And sin, with its attendant train
Of death and hell, shall die.

Yet once I change the heavens and earth,
Says he, whose words are true:
The ancient things have passed away,
And all are now made new.

I am the First, and I the Last,
Through endless years the same;
I AM is my memorial still,
Mine everlasting name.

Ho, ye that thirst: to you my love
Shall hidden streams disclose,
And open full the crystal spring,
Whence life for ever flows.

H Y M N

XLVIII.

O LORD our God, eternal fount
Of wisdom, power, and love,
Pour down thy wonder working gift
Of faith in things above.

Vouchsafe to us continual strength
Our ghostly foe to quell ;
Vouchsafe the mighty shield of faith
To quench the darts of hell.

Incline our wavering heart to trust
In that most holy name,
On which for pardon, peace, and joy
Faith grounds her steadfast claim.

For that name's sake assist us, Lord,
To run our heavenward race ;
And let no earth born unbelief
Our glorious hope efface.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore,
All praise and adoration be,
Both now and evermore.

H Y M N

XLIX.

MY God, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Before thy throne of grace let this
My humble prayer arise.

Vouchsafe a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
Thy comfort give, thy peace impart,
And keep me close to thee.

Wide spread thy guardian wings around,
While through the world I tread ;
And let me, when in trouble found,
By thy right hand be led.

The blessed hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence o'er my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

H Y M N

L.

THE church of God her children calls
A solemn fast to keep ;
Let now within the temple walls
Both priest and people weep.

But come we not with tears alone
To lift our mournful prayer
In depth of soul may this be known,
That true remorse is there.

O Christ, when at the mercy throne
Our lips confession pour,
Incline us, all our guilt to own,
And every sin abhor.

The broken, bleeding spirit see,
And pardoning grace impart ;
Let healing rays, good Lord, from thee
Renew the contrite heart.

H Y M N

LI.

IN entrance of the city gates,
Where pours the busy crowd,
Thus heavenly wisdom lifts her voice,
And cries to men aloud :

How long, ye scorers of the truth,
Will ye in scorn remain ?
How long shall fools their folly love,
And hear my words in vain ?

O turn, at last, at my rebuke,
And in that bleſſed hour,
My holy spirit on your heart
Shall pour its healing power.

But since so long, with earnest voice,
To you in vain I call ;
Since all my tender, kind reproofs
Thus unregarded fall :

The time may come when, humbled low,
In sorrow's evil day,
Your voice by anguish shall be taught,
But taught too late, to pray.

When, like a whirlwind o'er the deep,
Comes desolation's blast,
The prayer extorted shall be vain,
The time for mercy past.

The choice you make shall fix your doom ;
For this is heaven's decree,
That with the fruits of what are sown,
The sinner filled shall be.—Then turn :

H Y M N

LIL.

DRAW near, and pray for aid
To cast your sins away,
Whoe'er from Christ have wandered far,
And now in darkness stray.

Think not, how dare we come ;
For Jesus bled and died,
That none who ask in faith should find
The grace of heaven denied.

Nor say, we will not come,
When God vouchsafes to call ;
For awful will their end be found,
On whom his wrath shall fall.

Amend your careless life,
While still ye have the day ;
Forgiveness through the Saviour seek ;
Repent, believe, obey.

O Lord, may all who hear
Each sinful way refine,
And more and more to holiness
Their every step incline.

H Y M N

LIII.

NOW let the chosen men
Who at the altar wait,
With holy care fulfil their trust,
And keep their high estate.

Fear not, be ne'er dismayed,
The Lord will strength bestow ;
Depending on his promised help,
Undaunted courage shew.

In every work of love
We wish you good success ;
We pray that he who bids you toil
Your task may daily bles.

O Christ, vouchsafe that they,
Who teach thy sacred word,
May faithfully the truth declare,
And be with meekness heard.

Full brightly may their light
Before all people shine ;
And ever let them duly give
Each pledge of grace divine.

H Y M N

LIV.

A LMIGHTY God, to thee we pray,
On thee for aid we call;
Be thou a very present stay,
Uphold us lest we fall.

What time the world ensnares to sin,
Or outward foes are strong,
Assist us, Lord, to watch within,
And keep the soul from wrong.

When evil thoughts our mind assail,
When like a flood they swell,
Grant help ere they in might prevail ;
The rising ill repel.

And when, in dark temptation's hour,
The wicked one would bend
Our heart and knee to own his power,
Thy servants still defend.

Blest Trinity in Unity,
Whose grace our souls implore,
Vouchsafe that we may faithfully
Thy sacred name adore.

H Y M N

LV.

O HELP us, Lord, each hour of need,
Thy heavenly succour give :
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

O help us, when our spirits bleed,
With contrite anguish sore :
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more.

O help us through the gift of faith
More firmly to believe ;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

O help us, Jesus, from on high,
We know no help but thee ;
O help us so to live and die,
As thine in heaven to be.

H Y M N

LVI.

GOODY Lord, turn not thy face from us
Who lie in woful state,
Lamenting sore our guilty life
Before thy mercy gate.

That gate is open wide to those
Who deeply wail their sin ;
Against thy children shut it not,
But let them enter in.

Let all whose hearts forgivenes crave
The throne of grace surround ;
Let pardon full for every fault
By all who seek be found.

Most merciful and mighty God,
Thine ear in pity bend
To all who on redeeming love
For saving health depend.

H Y M N

LVII.

FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigned to die,
Sweet melodious sounds I hear,
Breathing on my ravished ear—
Sounds of mercy, sounds of grace,
To each child of Adam's race.

Blest Redeemer, draw me near,
Casting from me faithless fear ;
Let me seek in thee relief
For my sinful spirit's grief ;
Let me to thy presence haste,
And thy plenteous comfort taste.

Let my sad offences be
Blotted out, good Lord, by thee ;
Wash me in the precious flood
Of thine ever cleansing blood :
From mine inmost heart's receis
Pluck each root of bitterness.

Pour upon my darkened sight
Streams of heaven's all quickening light ;
Fill my soul with rays divine,
Rays that from thy glory shine ;
Keep me lest again I stray,
Wandering from the narrow way.

H Y M N

LVIII.

HOW wondrous was the burning zeal
Which filled the Master's breast,
When, all his sufferings full in view,
To Salem's towers he prest !

Good Lord, no tongue can duly tell
Thy love's prevailing might ;
No thought can comprehend its length,
And breadth, and depth, and height.

Yet grant that we may follow thee
Throughout thine hours of scorn,
And learn with thee to watch and pray,
With thee to weep and mourn.

And still, O blessed Jesu Christ,
The more thy cross we see,
The more may each exclaim with joy,
The Saviour died for me.

H Y M N

LIX.

R IDE on, ride on in majesty !
Hark ! all the tribes Hosanna cry ;
Thine humble beast pursues his road
With palms and scattered garments strewed.

Ride on, ride on in majesty !
In lowly pomp ride on to die :
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

Ride on, ride on in majesty !
The winged squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes,
To see the approaching sacrifice.

Ride on, ride on in majesty !
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh ;
The Father on his sapphire throne
Expects his own anointed Son.

Ride on, ride on in majesty !
In lowly pomp ride on to die ;
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O Lord, thy power, and reign.

H Y M N

LX.

O CHRIST, the blest incarnate Lord,
For man's transgression slain,
We thy redeeming love record
In songs of thankful strain.

We upward lift our longing eyes,
And muse on Calvary;
On thy mysterious sacrifice,
Thy shame and agony.

All we like erring sheep had strayed
From God the Father's care ;
The guilt of all on thee was laid,
Sin's burden thou didst bear.

O may we through thy cross and pain,
With all who thee adore,
A joyful resurrection gain,
And live for evermore.

May we with all the ransomed band,
Who thy salvation own,
In everlasting glory stand
Around the great white throne.

H Y M N

LXI.

GRACIOUS words our Lord has spoken :
O my flock, my chosen few,
Now in heart by sorrow broken,
Fair abodes I build for you.

There in undisturbed possession
Righteousness and peace shall reign ;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Never share the mourner's pain.

I to living streams will lead you,
Streams that clear as crystal flow ;
And in richest pastures feed you,
Pastures that no dearth can know.

Fear, and dread, and desolation
Shall no more perplex your ways ;
Ye shall name your walls Salvation,
And your gates shall all be Praise.

Ye, no more your suns descending,
Gloom of night no more shall see ;
Ye shall, all your darkness ending,
Find eternal noon in me.

H Y M N

LXII.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross we spend ;
Pardon, health, and joy possessing
Through the sinner's dying friend.

Kneel we now, in wonder viewing
Mercy's cleansing, healing flood,
Heart and mind with grace bedewing
From the Saviour's precious blood.

Iesu, our propitiation,
We would bend in prayer to thee,
Till we taste thy whole salvation,
And thy blissful presence see.

We would day by day implore thee,
Till our earthly labours cease ;
Till, at rest, our souls adore thee
For the pain which wrought our peace.

H Y M N

LXIII.

R EFUGE of the troubled soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high.

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past :
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.

All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

Let me, Jesu, on thee rest
In the needful hour of pain :
Let me with thy help be blest,
Till eternal peace I gain.

H Y M N

LXIV.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
I count each earthly gain as loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride

O may I know none other boast
Than Christ and his atoning blood ;
May worldly hopes, once fostered most,
Lie plunged beneath that hallowing flood.

Behold his head, his hands, his feet ;
See love and sorrow flowing down :
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet ?
Or thorns compose so bright a crown ?

Blest Lord, through whom alone I live,
Who hast my life redeemed, may I
To thee both soul and body give,
And sinful passions crucify.

H Y M N

LXV.

LET us now, our voices raising,
Sing the cross in mournful strain ;
Telling of the woe amazing,
And the agonizing pain,
Which the Saviour, man's Redeemer,
Suffered once, for sinners slain.

He, the cruel scourge enduring
Ransom for the lost to pay,
By his stripes the fallen curing,
Raising those who stricken lay,
In his body bore our sorrows,
Took for e'er our griefs away.

When his work of love was ended,
From that fount, his blessed side,
Blood and water straight descended,
Each a sacramental tide,
With eternal grace o'erflowing,
With all healing power supplied.

Jesu, we, thy faith confessing,
Praise thy name with one accord ;
May we, now thy grace possessing,
And at last our high reward,
Evermore with thanks extol thee,
Thee our everloving Lord.

H Y M N

LXVI.

Y OU that like heedless strangers pass along,
As if nought here concerned you to day,
Draw nigh, and hear the saddest passion song

That ever you did meet with in your way :
So sad a story ne'er was told before,
Nor shall there be the like for evermore.

The greatest king that ever wore a crown,
More than the basest valets was abused ;
The truest lover that was ever known,
By them he loved was most unkindly used :
And he that lived from all transgressions clear,
Was plagued for all the sins that ever were.

Oh ! could we but the thousandth part relate,
Of those afflictions which they made him bear,
Our hearts with sorrow would dissolve thereat,
And we should sit and weep for ever here ;
Nor should we glad again hereafter be,
But that we hope in glory him to see.

For whilst upon the cross he pained hung,
And was with sore tormentings also grieved,
Far more than can be told by angel tongue,
Or in the heart of cherubim conceived,
Those for whose sake he underwent such pain,
Rejoiced thereat, and held him in disdain.

One offered to him vinegar and gall ;
A second did his pious trust deride ;
To dicing for his robes did others fall,
And many mocked him, when to God he cried :
Yet he, as they his pain still more procured,
Still loved, and for their good the more endured.

But though his matchless love immortal were,
It was a mortal body he had on,
That could no more than mortal bodies bear,
Their malice therefore did prevail thereon ;
And lo, they utmost fury having tried,
The spotless one gave up the ghost, and died.
Whose death, though cruel unrelenting man,
Could view without bewailing or affright ;
The sun grew dark, the earth to quake began,
The temple veil did rend asunder quite,
Yea, hardest rocks therewith in pieces brake,
And graves did open, and the dead awake.
Oh ! therefore let us all that present be,
This innocent with moved souls embrace ;
For this was our Redeemer ; this was he
Who to the cruel smiters gave his face :
He, whom the stiffnecked Jews and Pilate slew,
Is he alone of whom all this is true.
Our sins of spite were part of those that day,
Whose chastening stripes and thorns did make
him smart ;
Our lusts were those that tired him in the way,
Our want of love was that which pierced his
heart :
And still, when we forget or slight his name,
Again we put him to an open shame.
Blest Lord, who hast alone the winepress trod,
Baptized with baptism of grief and pain ;
The righteous man, the very Son of God,
Who didst the chalice of our sorrows drain ;
As thou hast on the tree for sinners died,
Let sin in us be thoroughly mortified.

H Y M N

LXVII.

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the perfect cure ;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and thou alone :
Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When from heaven I hear a cry,
Telling that my Judge is nigh,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

H Y M N

LXVIII.

CHRIST, with thee till life shall end
I will solemn vigil spend ;
For thee I will hew a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine ;
Where, in pure, embalmed cell,
None but thou mayest ever dwell.

I will myrrh and spices take,
To thee thankful offering make ;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around ;
Inmost thought from guile refrain,
And in patient watch remain :

Waiting till the morning's birth
Gladden this bedarkened earth ;
Till the far spent night of gloom,
Sprung from sin's all righteous doom,
Pass for evermore away,
Giving place to endless day.

H Y M N

LXIX.

Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia !

NOW Sion's courts with praise shall ring,
While thousand thousand voices sing
The triumph of the Saviour King :
Christ is risen.

In this most holy paschal tide
Let all who in her gates abide
With thanks extol the Crucified :
Christ is risen.

O let the blest Redeemer Lord,
So wondrously from death restored,
Be joyfully in song adored :
Christ is risen.

Before him let the ransomed meet,
With gladsome hearts, in concord sweet,
And high their festal hymns repeat :
Christ is risen.

H Y M N

LXX.

WE now with one accord,
The temple courts attending,
Adore the Saviour Lord,
On his blest name depending :
With all sufficient grace
The faithful he will feed ;
On him our trust we place
In every time of need.

Each earthly friend may fail,
But Christ is sure for ever,
And nought shall e'er prevail
From him our hopes to sever ;
Not all that men conceive,
Of pleasure, or of harm,
Shall move our souls to leave
His strong and sheltering arm.

Our heart exulting springs,
No more in grief complaining ;
For Jesus comfort brings,
Affliction's might restraining :
His presence cheers our eyes,
We stay upon his love,
And seek the bliss that lies
Stored up in realms above.

H Y M N

LXXI.

- | | |
|---|--|
| JESUS Christ is risen to day,
Our triumphant holy day,
Who did once upon the cross,
Suffer to redeem our loss. | Alleluia.
Alleluia.
Alleluia.
Alleluia. |
| Hymns of praise then let us sing,
Unto Christ our heavenly King ;
Who endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save. | Alleluia.
Alleluia.
Alleluia.
Alleluia. |
| He has bruised the serpent's head,
Powers of darkness captive led ;
Now his mighty conflict o'er,
He shall live for evermore. | Alleluia.
Alleluia.
Alleluia.
Alleluia. |
| Kings to him in prayer shall bend,
Daily shall his praise ascend ;
While the angel choirs proclaim,
Blessing to his glorious name. | Alleluia.
Alleluia.
Alleluia.
Alleluia. |

H Y M N

LXXII.

A WAKE, my soul, awake, awake,
Thy Lord has risen long ;
Haste to his grave, and with thee take
Both tuneful chord and song.

Where spring awakens all around,
Where vernal voices sing,
The first bright blossom may be found
Of an eternal spring.

The shade and gloom of life are fled
This resurrection day ;
Henceforth, in Christ, are no more dead,
The grave has no more prey.

In Christ we live, in Christ we sleep,
In Christ we wake and rise ;
And all the tears death makes us weep,
He wipes from off our eyes.

And every bird, and every tree,
And every opening flower,
Proclaim his glorious victory,
His resurrection power.

The folds are glad, the fields rejoice,
With living verdure spread ;
The little hills lift up their voice,
And shout that Death is dead.

Then wake, my soul, awake, awake,
And seek thy risen Lord ;
Joy in his resurrection take,
According to his word.

H Y M N

LXXIII.

YE saints of the Lord
Exultingly sing,
In joyful accord,
To Jesus your King;
With minstrelsy glorious
His rising proclaim;
Hosannas uplifting,
Give praise to his name.

The Saviour confess
In this hallowed place;
With gladness here bless
His love and his grace;
Triumphantly publish,
With holy delight,
In anthems of Sion,
His wonderful might.

With far pealing voice
Bid those who are bound,
Come forth and rejoice,
For freedom is found;
Full freedom for bondmen
Fast held with the chain,
And merciless thraldom
Of Satan's fell reign.

H Y M N

LXXIV.

A S chief among ten thousand see
The Prince who set his Israel free :
A vesture dipped in blood he wears,
His brow a golden chaplet bears.

More beautiful than lily flower,
More sweet than rose in Sharon's bower,
Is he whom Salem's daughters bless,
Bright form of perfect loveliness.

His words like oil of balm distil,
And all the soul with gladness fill :
His garments as the cassia smell,
And incense clouds his presence tell.

As myrrh and thyme and frankincense
O'er Lebanon their gifts dispense,
So odours round his glory rise,
The saints' accepted sacrifice.

O Jesu, grant thy loved ones grace
The beauty of thy life to trace ;
And more and more the joys to know
That from thy cross and passion flow.

H Y M N

LXXV.

O CHRIST, our everliving King,
We own thy power to save,
The power which gave thee strength to rise
Victorious o'er the grave.

From paradise thy soul returned,
When thou hadst surely healed
Sin's deadly breach, and peace with God
For us hadst firmly sealed.

Let now thy Spirit rule our heart,
And guide our inmost will,
That we may thy most righteous law
With fervent zeal fulfil.

Up blest perfection's sacred height
Assist us, Lord, to rise ;
And let our life in very deed
Be made thy sacrifice.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Whom ransomed hosts adore,
Be glory as it was of old,
And shall be evermore.

H Y M N

LXXVI.

SHEPHERD of the ransomed flock,
Lead us to the shadowing rock,
Where the cooling waters flow,
Where the freshening pastures grow.

Grant, good Lord, that we may be
Ever glad to follow thee,
And with thankful hearts rejoice,
When we hear thy gracious voice.

Saviour, when thy loved ones stray
From the new and living way,
Gently call thine own by name,
All our wandering steps reclaim.

Through the hours of darksome night
Keep us in thy watchful sight;
O'er each deadly foe prevail,
Let no harm thy fold assail.

Jesu, who thy life didst give,
Dying that thy sheep might live,
Let us in thy presence rest,
With eternal comfort blest.

H Y M N

LXXVII.

NOW joyful strains we lift on high
Amid the faithful throng
Of those who Jesus magnify
In sweet and holy song.

We render thanks, and bless the Lord,
Who died our souls to save ;
Through whom to heavenly peace restored,
We fear no more the grave.

With saints, who all triumphantly
In paradise record
O'er sin and death the victory,
We strike the silver chord.

With angel hosts that dwell above,
And weave their golden lays
Around the throne of truth and love,
We glad Hosannas raise.

We glorify the living name
Of earth's Redeemer King ;
Our tongues aloud his grace proclaim,
In heart his praise we sing.

H Y M N

LXXVIII.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never fading flowers ;
The swelling flood of death divides
That heavenly land from ours.

Beyond appears the spreading mead
Bedecked in living green ;
Like Canaan seen by Jacob's seed,
While Jordan rolled between.

O Saviour, we would mount above
The mists that round us rise,
And view the home we fondly love
With faith's unclouded eyes.

With joy we would from Pisgah's height
Our promised rest explore ;
The flood shall not our souls affright,
Since thou hast passed before.

H Y M N

LXXIX.

THE winds of heaven have changed their
note,

Now softly o'er the plain they float ;
The frost has fled, the snow has gone,
The gladdening tide of spring comes on.

Again the lofty groves rejoice,
Reechoing high the turtle's voice ;
They shout for joy, and sweetly sing
Full praise to earth's all gracious King.

The vales anew green herb provide,
Fresh pastures clothe the mountain side ;
While primrosed woods, in bright array,
The handy work of God display.

The daisy mead and cowslip field
To youthful hearts rich pleasure yield ;
The blue bell and the lily tell
Of him whose love made all things well.

Good Lord, by thy renewing breath
Revive our soul from winter death ;
The garden of our spirit dress
With fragrant flowers of holiness.

H Y M N

LXXX.

LORD JESU, parted from thy servants' sight,
Exalted now to heaven's all glorious height,
With cords of love our drooping hearts uplift
To him who gives each good and perfect gift.

Together met within this hallowed place,
Thy blessed steps from Sion's gate we trace ;
We watch thee leading out thy chosen band,
With them on Olivet we see thee stand,

Ascended Saviour, we would upward gaze,
To thee the song of adoration raise ;
And, mindful of thine angels' word, reply,
Come quickly, Lord, thy saints to glorify.

Thanksgiving to the Lamb for sinners slain,
Through whom we flee death's everlasting pain :
To sin he died ; he rose in victory,
An earnest of our immortality.

Become the firstfruits of the saints that slept,
Of those who through his name true witness kept,
At God's right hand he sits, in grace arrayed,
Till all his foes beneath his feet be laid :

Till all the kingdoms of the world confess
The Lord of life, and truth, and righteousness ;
And death, in adamantine fetters bound,
No more a guilty, fallen race confound.

H Y M N

LXXXI.

TO day high festal praises wait
On our exalted King ;
To him within the temple gate
Ten thousand voices sing.

Now to his glory we record,
Who were but dust and clay,
What honour he did us afford
On his ascending day.

The human nature, which of late
Below the angels' lay,
Now raised above that meaner state,
Does greater grace display.

Lo, at man's feet all creatures bow,
Which through the wide world be ;
Enthroned with God the Father now
The Son of man we see.

Our Lord and Brother, who had on
Such flesh as this we wear,
To realms of heavenly bliss has gone,
Eternal might to share.

He who the path of sorrow tried,
And cup of suffering drained,
The Nazarene, the Crucified,
Has endless blessing gained.

To him, through whose prevailing might
The gates of death were riven,
Who brought immortal life to light,
All power and wealth are given.

To David's rod and David's stem,
And Sion's chosen song,
The keys of new Jerusalem
For evermore belong.

His kingdom shall triumphantly
From sea to sea extend ;
The glory of his majesty
Shall last when years shall end.

Then for his honour let our voice
A shout so hearty make,
That heaven may at our mirth rejoice,
And hell's foundation shake.

H Y M N

LXXXII.

HIGH in heavenly realms are heard
Songs to the incarnate Word ;
Round the throne the angels sing,
Lauding Sion's glorious King.

Seated now at God's right hand,
He shall cheer his faithful band ;
Shedding on them richest dower,
Giving gifts of love and power.

Blessful homes he shall prepare,
Where his triumph they may share ;
Where, if they till death believe,
They shall beauteous crowns receive.

Let us then in gladsome lays
Hymn the great Redeemer's praise,
With the seraph company
Making sweetest melody.

Let us in his name rejoice,
Lifting up both heart and voice,
And his blest return await,
Watching in the temple gate.

H Y M N

LXXXIII.

O SALEM, beauteous vision
Of everlasting halls,
Thrice blessed are the people
Thou stor'st within thy walls.

Thou art the golden mansion
Where saints for ever sing,
The seat of God's own chosen,
The palace of the King.

The glorified Redeemer,
Thy diadem and crown,
Shines o'er thee in his splendour,
With light that goes not down.

No foe thy gate approaches,
No fears thy peace molest ;
For evermore thy children
From strife and trouble rest.

To thee, O holy city,
Our eyes their vigil keep ;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.

Thy bells are loudly ringing,
Their joyful sounds descend ;
With gladness they are telling
Of bliss that knows no end.

H Y M N

LXXXIV.

THE everlasting hills declare
The great and glorious name,
That was, and is, and still shall be,
For evermore the same.

The righteousness of heaven's high King
Is like the mountains strong :
Firm as the rock his truth shall stand,
His children's endless song.

On Ararat in olden time
The church a refuge found,
While yet the watery wilderness
Spread desolation round.

The ancient snows of Lebanon
The Rock of ages speak ;
His mercy and his love distil
From Hermon's dewy peak.

At Horeb the Invisible
His majesty revealed ;
In burning bush his promises
In Abraham he sealed.

On Sinai the mighty God
In thunder cloud appeared ;
Thick blackness of his presence told,
And Israel's armies feared.

The prophet, by the Spirit moved,
From Peor Jacob blessed ;
The unjust of the Just One spake,
And Christ the Lord confessed.

From Ebal and Gerizim pealed
O'er Sychar's hallowed vale,
Or curse, or blessing, shadowed forth
In word that ne'er shall fail.

On Carmel stood the seer of God,
In might of faith arrayed ;
At time of evening sacrifice
The Lord his power displayed.

From some fair knoll in Palestine
Sweet sounds of grace were heard,
From him who spake as never man,
The uncreated Word.

On stilly height the Sorrowful
In silent prayer was seen :
The fashion of his face was changed,
And shone in dazzling mien.

At Calvary, without the camp,
By wicked hands was slain,
He whose atoning power and love
Blot out transgression's stain.

From Olivet the Prince of life
Ascended up on high ;
Thence parted from his people's sight,
But still in presence nigh.

To Sion's mount the Lamb shall come,
And with him his redeemed ;
All they who far above all price
Salvation's price esteemed.

H Y M N

LXXXV.

FOR ever faithful in thy word,
And just in all thy ways,
Art thou, O Jesu Christ our Lord,
The saints' eternal praise.

Ere thou ascendedst up on high,
Thy chosen thou didst tell,
Of gifts that should their need supply,
And stem the powers of hell :

And how they for their work should be
Enlightened from above;
As thou wert, when there came on thee
The life inspiring Dove.

By this these men that simple were,
And feeble till that hour,
Did through the world thy truth declare
With wondrous might and power.

O Holy Ghost, with Christ the Son
Throughout the church confest,
In glory with the Father one,
Thy name this day be blest.

Now let thine all enlivening fire,
Poured forth from realms above,
Burn up in us each vain desire,
And fill our breasts with love.

Thy dove like gifts and graces send,
That we may gentle be,
And on bright silver wings ascend,
Our Saviour Christ to see.

Give strong and cheerful hearts to stand
Unharmed amid the strife,
When Satan's myriad legion band
Assay to take our life.

May each, O Lord, as warrior brave,
Still keep the battle field,
And ne'er, like sin enfettered slave,
With dastard meanness yield.

Inflame thy host with sacred zeal
To hold the faith unstained,
Nor let them sheathe their glittering steel
Till peace be surely gained.

H Y M N

LXXXVI.

ONCE more the circling seasons tell
The bright and joyous hour,
When erst upon the chosen fell
The Spirit's hallowing power.

Now, Lord, descend in strength of fire,
That every heart may burn ;
Each mind with sacred zeal inspire,
Each will to wisdom turn.

With freshening streams of fragrant oil
Anoint our inmost soul,
That we the tempter's snares may foil,
And sinful lusts control :

That we henceforth may more and more
The holy One confess,
And Father, Son, and thee adore
In truth and righteousness.

H Y M N
LXXXVII.

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire ;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart.

Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love ;
Enable with perpetual light,
The dulness of our blinded sight.

Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of thy grace ;
Keep far our foes, give peace at home ;
Where thou art guide no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And thee, of both, to be but One ;
That through the ages all along
This may be our endless song. .

Praise to thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

H Y M N

LXXXVIII.

NOW let all, their thanks expressing,
Christ's redeeming might proclaim ;
Offering honour, laud, and blessing
To his great and holy name :
As the powers of heaven adore him
Round the everlasting throne,
So let man bow down before him,
So on earth his praise be shewn.

Through all lands, O Lord of glory,
Be thy bannered cross unfurled,
Let thy wondrous gospel story
Pass in triumph through the world :
With the sounds of thy salvation
Let the wide creation ring,
And all flesh with exultation
High their loud Hosannas sing.

Day by day, thy courts attending,
Let the sons of men rejoice ;
There, before thine altar bending,
Heavenward lift they heart and voice ;
Hushing notes of grief and sadness,
Sing of thine atoning love ;
Blending richest strains of gladness
With the chant of saints above.

H Y M N

LXXXIX.

GOD, whose almighty word,
In the beginning heard,
Put gloom to flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray ;
And where the gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light.

Christ, who didst come to bring
On thy redeeming wing
Healing and might,
Look on the sick in mind,
Visit the inly blind,
Shine, and on all mankind
Let there be light.

Spirit of truth and love,
Life giving, holy Dove,
Speed through the night ;
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace ;
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light.

H Y M N

XC.

COME, Holy Ghost, eternal God,
Proceeding from above,
Both from the Father and the Son,
The God of peace and love.

Visit our minds, into our hearts
Thy heavenly grace inspire ;
That truth and godliness we may
Pursue with full desire.

Thou art the very Comforter
In grief and all distress ;
The heavenly gift of God most high,
No tongue can it express ;

The fountain and the living spring
Of joy celestial ;
The fire so bright, the love so sweet,
The unction spiritual.

Thou in thy gifts art manifold ;
By them God's church does stand :
In faithful hearts thou writest thy law,
The finger of God's hand.

Our weakness strengthen and confirm,
For, Lord, thou knowest us frail ;
That neither devil, world, nor flesh,
Against us may prevail.

Put back our enemy far from us,
And help us to obtain
Peace in our hearts with God and man,
The best, the truest gain.

Of discord and disunion
Dissolve, O Lord, the bands,
And knit the knots of peace and love
Throughout all christian lands.

Grant us the grace that we may know
The Father of all might,
That we of his beloved Son
May gain the blissful sight.

And that we may with perfect faith
Ever acknowledge thee,
The Spirit of Father, and of Son;
One God in persons Three.

To God the Father laud and praise,
And to his blessed Son;
And to the Holy Spirit of grace;
Coequal Three in One.

And pray we, that our only Lord
Would please his Spirit to send
On all that shall profess his name,
From hence to the world's end.

H Y M N

XCI.

THE Father's wondrous love be praised,
To him in Sion thanks be raised ;
The everlasting Word be blest,
His grace be evermore confest ;
And endless adoration be,
O Holy Ghost, ascribed to thee.

Let all the lands in full accord
Extol the everliving Lord :
Let distant isles from shore to shore
Their mighty Alleluias pour,
And loud on earth's remotest bound
High anthems to our God resound.

O rise, ye nations, rise, and bring
Rich offerings to the heavenly King ;
With gifts of joyous harmony
Bow down before his Majesty :
In songs of holy gladness hymn
His praises with the cherubim.

H Y M N

XCII.

O FATHER, all creating Lord,
Be thou by every tongue implored,
Be thou by every heart adored.

O Christ, for man's redemption slain,
May each repentant sinner gain
Forgiveness through thy cross and pain.

O Comforter, whose love and care
The just for heavenly bliss prepare,
With joy may we thy truth declare.

O Trinity, we thee confess,
We thine eternal Godhead bless,
We worship thee in holiness.

H Y M N
XCIII.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,
Early in the morning our song shall rise
to thee :

Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in three persons, blessed Trinity.

Holy, holy, holy, all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the
glaſsy sea ;

Cherubim and seraphim lift their song before
thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, holy, holy, though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may
not see,

Only thou art holy, there is none beside thee,
Perfect in power and love and purity.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,
All thy works shall praise thy name in earth,
and sky, and sea :

Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in three persons, blessed Trinity.

H Y M N

XCIV.

O GOD our Saviour, hear us pray
On this thy joyful holy day;
And let our Alleluias rise
A pure, accepted sacrifice.

These sacred hours of rest we love,
For now we taste of bliss above;
Of bliss which righteous souls shall gain,
When they the crown of life obtain.

Before thy presence all shall be
From every tribulation free;
No sigh shall mar the glorious praise
Which round the throne the just shall raise.

At thy right hand rich strains of joy
Shall tongue of thy redeemed employ;
They evermore their song shall hymn
With heaven's adoring seraphim.

To thee, O Father, thee, O Son,
And thee, O Spirit, Three in One,
Thanksgiving with sweet melody
Be now and everlastingly.

H Y M N

XCV.

THREE is a stream whose waters flow
All wondrous bright and clear;
Her floods are floods of righteousness,
The fainting soul to cheer.

On Sion's hill her fount is seen,
And Salem's children tell
The gladness of the heart of those
Who by her springings dwell.

Where'er throughout the land she flows
Sweet fruits and flowers are found:
Beside her decked in living green
Rich pasture meads abound.

And trees that stately soar on high,
And stem the wintry blast,
Deep rooted by her mighty power,
Their sheltering shadows cast.

Her margins fair the weary herd
With exultation gain: .
And none who there refreshment seek,
Refreshment seek in vain.

The river of our God shall still
In power and might increase,
Till all the earth from drought of sin
Her tide of grace release.

H Y M N

XCVI.

O GOD, our God for evermore,
With thanks in this thy hallowed place
We thine unbounded love adore,
Extolling high redeeming grace.

To thee, enthroned in realms of light,
The heavenly choirs their anthems sing ;
To thee, the sovereign Lord of might,
Archangels Alleluias bring.

By day, by night thy hosts rejoice,
And Holy, holy, holy, cry ;
Continually with glorious voice
Thy wondrous name they magnify.

Let now thy children's song of praise
These temple courts, as incense, fill ;
And while our joyful hymn we raise,
Incline our heart to do thy will.

H Y M N

XCVII.

ON mountain side, in sheltered dell,
Beneath the hanging rock,
Amid the verdant pasturage,
Behold the grazing flock.

See there the strong and trusty dog
Beside the tender sheep ;
By day, by night, his wakeful eye
Will watch around them keep.

And for them with a love unfeigned
The hardy shepherd cares :
With them the peaceful solitude
The livelong hours he shares.

What time some erring one has strayed,
He seeks till he has found :
Then to the fold with joy returns
Amid the bleating sound.

And great his gladness, if at time
To render his account,
He brings in beautiful array
His full and fair amount.

And Israel a shepherd has,
On Sion ever near,
To feed her flock, and lead them forth
By waters still and clear.

H Y M N

XCVIII.

THOUGH earthly strength decay,
And powers of hell withstand,
To Canaan's realm we urge our way,
A chosen band ;
O may we onward press,
In heart and spirit true,
And boldly through the wilderness
Our way pursue.

The promised land we see,
With goodly treasures blest ;
A land from tribulation free,
And all unrest ;
Where milk and honey flow,
Where crystal streams abound ;
And where the vine and olive grow,
With plenty crowned.

To him who reigns on high
We Alleluia sing ;
With angel choirs we magnify
The Lord our King ;
With all the heavenly host
A joyful hymn we raise,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Ascribing praise.

H Y M N

XCIX.

WHAT word so full of melody,
So rich in strains of holy cheer,
So deep in sacred harmony,
As Jesus, name to saints most dear ?

O Christ, with pardon draw thou near,
When grief for sin afflicts our soul ;
Behold the penitential tear,
And make the broken spirit whole.

Thou art the fount of clemency,
The spring of mercy's healing might ;
The Lord of grace and charity,
The giver of all true delight.

When thou dost on the heart arise,
And o'er it shed thy beams divine,
The world's deceitful glitter dies,
And heavenly glories round us shine.

Where'er our lot on earth be cast,
Be thou, O Saviour, at our side ;
Thy presence grant, good Lord, at last ;
And with us through the grave abide.

H Y M N

C.

O JESU, since the faith of thee
With comfort fills the troubled breast,
How great the bliss thy face to see,
And alway in thy presence rest !

Thy grace, O Christ, is passing sweet,
In goodness far exceeding thought ;
With thousand thousand joys replete,
With everlasting gladness fraught.

Be thou, O Lord, our cheering ray,
Pour down thy stream of heavenly light ;
Our soul's dark sadness chase away,
Drive far each earthly cloud of night.

Let now thy chosen servants know
The power of thine abounding love ;
To thine elect in mercy shew
Bright tokens of the peace above.

And while our lips thy name confess,
Still more and more our heart prepare,
That we, in homes of blessedness,
May thine eternal glory share.

H Y M N

C.I.

TO thee, O Christ, our hearts aspire,
To reach thy bliss we humbly aim ;
We seek with glow of holy fire,
And still in seeking fan the flame.

We scarce can speak of thee aright,
Yet, Lord, we dare not silent be ;
Faith bids us take the lofty flight,
And raise our thankful hymn to thee.

Thy love, which shall unchanged abide,
Rich nurture to the spirit gives ;
Its honeyed waters onward glide,
With sweetnes filling all that lives.

Who taste of thee no want shall know,
Who drink of thee shall thirst no more ;
In strength each faithful soul shall grow
Through thee who didst our life restore.

O Jesu, now our gladnes be,
On earth to us thy joy afford ;
And let our eyes thy beauty see,
Where thou art day and night adored.

H Y M N

CII.

SEE, from Sion's hallowed mountain
Healing waters largely flow ;
God has opened wide a fountain
To refresh the plain below.

Through the world, in channels streaming,
Heavenly mercy finds her way ;
With celestial brightness beaming,
Sparkling in the sunny ray.

Gladdened by the crystal treasure,
Which no drought of summer knows,
Pilgrims sing with holy pleasure,
Deserts blossom as the rose.

Fruitful trees, the banks adorning,
Yield delight for all around :
They who taste shall cease from mourning,
Endless joys for them abound.

We, our Alleluia raising,
God's redeeming grace declare ;
Through the Saviour ever praising
His all wondrous love and care.

H Y M N

CIII.

YE works of God that live and move
Beneath the rolling seas ;
Ye birds that carol merrily
Amid the spreading trees ;

Ye lions, treading night by night
The forest's wild domain ;
Ye cattle, gently grazing o'er
The fertile pasture plain ;

Ye creeping things, for whom one leaf
Within its narrow sides
A vast extended world displays,
And realms of space provides ;

Ye wondrous insect forms, with which
The stagnant water teems,
To whom one single tiny drop
A boundless ocean seems ;

Where'er ye are, where'er ye dwell,
Ye creatures great and small,
Adore the wisdom, praise the power,
That made and nurtures all.

H Y M N

CIV.

O CHRIST our Saviour King,
Whose might the angels see,
Incline us while thy praise we sing,
To live as unto thee.

Since we thy grace partake,
Our work, however mean,
When wrought in love, and for thy sake,
Appears both bright and clean.

A servant, with this clause,
Can prove his toil divine ;
Whoe'er he be that keeps thy laws,
Makes every labour fine.

Blest Lord, from day to day
Thine honour be our aim ;
Each common task our faith display,
And glorify thy name.

To Father glory be,
And Son, from death upraised,
And Holy Spirit ; persons Three ;
One God in Sion praised.

H Y M N

CV.

O CHRIST, through whom we heavenward
soar,
Whose grace our inmost souls adore,
Vouchsafe that we may never stray
From thee, the life, the truth, the way ;
But evermore thy love proclaim,
And joy in thy most blessed name.

What though the fig tree's stem decay,
The vine all fruitless waste away,
The olive branch no fatness bear,
And vain appear the tiller's care ;
Yet still would we thy love proclaim,
And joy in thy most blessed name.

Though flocks should not the fold surround,
Nor oxen in the stall be found,
Though dearth should o'er green herb prevail,
And streams the water courses fail ;
Yet still would we thy love proclaim,
And joy in thy most blessed name.

H Y M N

CVI.

WHENE'ER, by strong affliction rent,
My heart and soul are meekly bent,
Imploring him who reigns on high
To grant relief, and grace supply,
Be this my trust, that fervent prayer
Is heard in heaven, since Christ is there.

The wellbeloved Son of God,
When he this world of sorrow trod,
Was wont to dry the mourner's tear,
And ne'er from trouble turned his ear ;
He died my soul from grief to free,
He lives to intercede for me.

Let all who would for harassed mind
Eternal consolation find,
In humble faith approach the throne,
And make their tribulation known ;
O let them every want declare,
And on the Saviour cast their care.

H Y M N

CVII.

A LMIGHTY Father, fount of good,
We bow before thy face,
And thank thee for our daily food,
And daily means of grace.

Lord Jesu Christ, we thee adore,
Thou Son of God most high,
Who once for us didst not abhor
A death of shame to die.

Dear heavenly Dove, thy name we blesſ,
For thou dost still descend,
That we may perfect holineſſ,
And live when time shall end.

Eternal One, may all unite,
In earth and worlds above,
To celebrate thy glorious might,
And laud thy saving love.

H Y M N

CVIII.

BEHOLD the vineyard of the Lord
On Sion's hallowed side,
How beautiful her lines appear,
How firm her stakes abide.

The vine that came from Egypt's land
A tender budding shoot,
Enriched by God's almighty arm,
Has downward taken root.

Luxuriantly her boughs are spread,
Her branches wide extend ;
Each rod and stem beneath the weight
Of clustered glory bend.

What though dread blight or cutting frost
At times the bloom assail,
Yet still her strength shall ne'er decay,
The vintage shall not fail.

The rays of heaven with fervent heat
Shall pour down grace divine,,
Her sun, the Sun of righteousness,
With sevenfold might shall shine.

Her fruit shall glad the mourner's heart,
Her wine shall comfort give ;
And Jew and Gentile, bond and free,
Shall take, and drink, and live.

H Y M N

CIX.

O CHRIST, we see not yet the way
Our feet ere long may tread ;
In faith we journey day by day,
As of the Spirit led ;
Not knowing what the path may be,
By which our souls shall follow thee.

Through flowery meads and lovely glades,
By waters still and clear,
Or through wild glens and dismal shades,
By torrents bleak and drear,
The narrow hidden path may be,
By which our souls shall follow thee.

What matter, whether through delight,
Or through distress and tears ;
Mid light of day, or cloud of night
Our course of life appears ;
If step by step the path we see,
By which our souls may follow thee.

H Y M N

CX.

C EASE, Christian, cease thine anxious fear,
Desponding thoughts withstand ;
The Lord thy fainting soul will cheer,
And raise thy drooping hand.

Mark how with tender, loving care
He guides our feeble minds ;
How, whether joy or grief we share,
Some fitting work he finds.

He bids the merry hearted sing,
The sorrow stricken pray ;
The glad their cheerful anthem bring,
The sad their plaintive lay.

He gives us hopes all woe to cure ;
To heaven those hopes extend :
If meekly we our cross endure,
Our bliss shall never end.

May he who for us suffered pain,
Who bore for all distress,
With gracious help the weak sustain,
With peace the troubled bless.

H Y M N
CXI.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

All things together work for good
To those who fear his name ;
They all, unknown or understood,
A father's love proclaim.

H Y M N

CXII.

RE God had built the mountains,
Or raised the fruitful hills ;
Before he filled the fountains
That glad the running rills :
Brought forth from everlasting,
I, Wisdom, dwelt with him ;
In joyance never wasting,
In brightness never dim.

When like a vaulted dwelling
He spread the skies abroad,
And swathed about the swelling
Of ocean's mighty flood,
He wrought by weight and measure ;
And I was with him then :
Myself the Father's pleasure,
And mine, the sons of men.

Thus wisdom's words discover
Thy glory and thy grace,
Thou everlasting lover
Of our unworthy race :
Thy gracious eye surveyed us,
Ere stars were hung above ;
In wisdom thou hast made us,
And died for us in love.

H Y M N

CXIII.

O KING of kings, before whose throne
The angels bow, no gift can we
Present that is indeed our own,
Since heaven and earth belong to thee ;
Yet this our souls through grace impart,
The offering of a thankful heart.

O Jesu, set at God's right hand,
With thine eternal Father plead
For all thy loyal hearted band,
Who still on earth thy succour need ;
For them in weakness strength provide,
And through the world their footsteps guide.

O Holy Spirit, fount of breath,
Whose comforts never fail nor fade,
Vouchsafe the life that knows no death,
Vouchsafe the light that knows no shade ;
And grant that we through all our days
May share thy gifts, and sing thy praise.

H Y M N

CXIV.

JESU CHRIST, our Lord and Saviour,
By thy chosen people stand ;
Keep our trembling feet from falling,
Hold us by thy strong right hand :
With the bread of heaven support us,
Lead us to the promised land.

Let the living cloudy pillar
Day by day before us go ;
Night by night the darkness breaking,
Through the fire thy presence shew :
Open wide the rocky fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow.

When we tread the brink of Jordan,
Bid each gloomy fear subside ;
Bear us o'er the swelling torrent,
Land us safe on Canaan's side :
That we may in peace and gladness
Evermore with thee abide.

H Y M N

CXV.

R ISE, Christian soldiers, rise,
With heavenly weapons arm ;
Take all the strength which God supplies
To keep your life from harm.

Leave no unguarded place
Around the leaguered soul ;
Confirm, establish, settle, brace,
And fortify the whole.

Resist the powers of night,
Confound their ill design,
Encompassed with the Spirit's might,
Engirt with grace divine.

Go forth against your foes
In firm and close array ;
With boldness their assaults oppose
Throughout the battle day.

On Christ, the conqueror King,
Whose name we glorify,
Whose praise the holy myriads sing,
Let all the host rely.

H Y M N

CXVI.

WHERE dwells the glorious King,
Whom Sion's children bless,
Who did for them redemption bring,
And righteousness?
On heaven's eternal height
His kingdom he maintains;
There, girt with everlasting might,
The Saviour reigns.

Before him prostrate fall
The holy angel host,
In him, the sovereign Lord of all,
Dominions boast;
While saints, whose feet have trod
This sin polluted earth,
Throughout the paradise of God
Declare his worth.

May we around the throne
In adoration stand,
And tell the wonders he has shewn
With his right hand;
While listening worlds attend,
May we his grace proclaim,
And laud in songs, which ne'er shall end,
His blessed name.

H Y M N

CXVII.

FAITHFUL Creator, all nature upholding,
Ruling the worlds by the word of thy power,
Ever in mercy thy glory unfolding,
Visit thy children in sorrow's dark hour.

Jesu, appearing as man in thy fashion,
Dying for sinners on Calvary's tree,
Fount everlasting of truth and compassion,
Blessing and praises we offer to thee.

Spirit of wisdom, in unity blending
Those who are chosen salvation to share,
Still in thy beauty on Salem descending,
Daily each heart as thy temple prepare.

Lord of Sabaoth, in splendour abounding,
Dwelling in regions of infinite day,
Ages on ages, thy presence surrounding,
Choirs of the ransomed glad homage shall pay.

H Y M N

CXVIII.

Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee ;
E'en though it be a cross
That raises me :
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone ;
Yet may I, dreaming, be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven ;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given ;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethels I'll raise :
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

H Y M N

CXIX.

B EHOLD, I come, and with me bring
My sure and great reward ;
In majesty and might arrayed,
The everlasting Lord.

I come, that all who me receive,
And on my word depend,
May at the marriage feast with joy
In raiment white attend.

Then shall the everlasting doors
Unfold, to entertain
The bright and beauteous company
Of my triumphal train.

The walls of new Jerusalem
Shall with Hosannas ring,
While my redeemed and shining ones
In adoration sing.

O Jesu, help our unbelief,
And let our love abound ;
That we at thy return may be
All true and faithful found :

That we may through eternity
Exalt thy saving might ;
Made meet to share for evermore
The bliss of saints in light.

H Y M N

CXX.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing ;
Lift your voice in tuneful lays,
High your cheerful anthems raise.

Gladly travel home to God
By the path the righteous trod ;
Blessed now are they, and ye
Surely with them blest shall be :

If ye daily onward press,
Girt with truth and holiness ;
If ye Christ your pattern make,
And the Spirit's guidance take.

Abba, Father, grant that we
May thy loving children be ;
Teach us, with the brave and bold
Firm our glorious faith to hold.

Let our strength be as our day
O'er the rough and rugged way ;
Every wavering thought restrain,
Till the blissful goal we gain.

H Y M N

CXXI.

AT early dawn the mountain bound
Are on their pilgrim way ;
Fresh with the morning's sweet perfume,
Their thoughts are bright and gay.

Before them rise the glorious heights
Their feet afsay to gain,
And fear comes o'er them, lest perchance
Those heights they ne'er attain.

They tremble as afar they see
In still ascending scale
The wondrous range of Alpine peaks
That top the grassy vale.

But now, one summit reached, from thence
Rejoicing they behold
The valley's depth, and gladness makes
The faint in spirit bold.

The path is rough, and full the sun
Pours forth his scorching beams ;
But flowers are by them, and they drink
From cool refreshing streams.

E'en so the Christian traveller,
On heavenly glory bent,
From strength to strength, and grace to grace,
Climbs up the steep ascent.

H Y M N

CXXII.

HOW blest are they who gladly hear
Sweet wisdom's heavenly voice ;
Who her celestial doctrine make
Their early, constant choice.

For she has riches greater far
Than east or west unfold ;
More precious are her high rewards
Than stores of finest gold.

She guides the young through royal courts
Of saintly joy to tread ;
With glory she delights to crown
The aged christian's head.

According as her labours rise,
Her gracious gifts increase ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

Now praise we God the Father's name,
And Christ the Lord that died,
And God the Holy Ghost by whom
Our hearts are sanctified.

H Y M N

CXXIII.

THROUGH childhood, youth, and age
May we our charge fulfil;
May this our highest powers engage,
To do our Master's will.

May we with jealous care
As in his presence live,
And faithfully each day prepare
A strict account to give.

O let us watch and pray,
And still on grace rely ;
Lest we our solemn trust betray,
And Christ our Lord deny.

May God on us confer,
Through his beloved Son,
The Holy Ghost the Comforter,
Till all our course be run.

Till death may he impart
His sacred love and fear,
And mightily incline our heart
True wisdom's voice to hear.

H Y M N

CXXIV.

O CHRIST, unseen, yet truly near,
Thy presence now reveal
To all who in thy courts appear,
And at thy table kneel.

We come this day with one accord
On bread of life to feed ;
To take in truth thy body, Lord,
And drink thy blood indeed.

May we thy last command obey,
To shew our hearts are thine,
And hasten on our heavenly way,
Renewed with strength divine.

Blest Jesu, let thy chosen know
In this thy holy place
The fulness of the joys which flow
From thy refreshing grace.

Thanksgiving to the sacred Three,
The One all glorious King,
To whom the faithful bow the knee,
And Alleluia sing.

H Y M N

CXXV.

MY God, and is thy table spread ?
And does thy cup with love o'erflow ?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all thy sweetnes know.

Hail sacred feast which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood :
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That heavenly food and cleansing flood.

Why are its dainties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed ?
Was not for you the victim slain ?
Are you denied the children's bread ?

Revive thy dying members, Lord,
And bid the drooping spirits live :
And more, that energy afford
A Saviour's blood alone can give.

O may thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests :
And may each soul salvation see,
That in the wellbeloved rests.

H Y M N

CXXVI.

A LL ye who faithful servants are
Of our almighty King,
Both high and low, and rich and poor,
His praise devoutly sing.

Let us rejoice, and render thanks
To his most holy name ;
Rejoice, rejoice, for now is come
The marriage of the Lamb.

The church herself has ready made,
How pure and white her dress !
Which is her saints' integrity,
And spotless holiness.

O therefore blest is every one,
Who to the marriage feast,
And holy supper of the Lamb,
Is made a welcome guest.

All worthy thou, who hast redeemed,
And ransomed us to God,
From every nation, every coast,
By thy most precious blood.

Blessing and honour, glory, power,
From all in earth and heaven,
To him who sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb be given.

H Y M N

CXXVII.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb
Amidst the Father's throne :
In honour of his name prepare
A song before unknown.

Lo, elders worship at his feet,
The four the throne surround ;
With vials full of odours rich,
And harps of sweetest sound.

Who shall the Father's record search,
And hidden things reveal ?
The wellbeloved that record takes,
And opes each mystic seal.

And now adoring angel hosts
Their Alleluias raise ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But one their voice of praise.

Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus :
Worthy the Lamb, the saints reply ;
For he was slain for us.

Thou hast redeemed us with thy blood,
And set the prisoners free ;
Thou mad'st us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

To him who sits upon the throne,
The God whom we adore,
And to the Lamb, that once was slain,
Be glory evermore.

H Y M N

CXXVIII.

THIS morn, with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring ;
Our voices we will raise,
Exalting Christ our King ;
Let all proclaim
In joyful song,
Both loud and long,
The Saviour's name.

Most gracious Lord, do thou
To faithful souls draw near ;
Accept each solemn vow,
Each song of gladness hear ;
Thy blessing pour
This festal day
On those who pray,
And thee adore.

Thy holy Spirit send
From blissful realms above,
Our mind with thine to blend
In never failing love ;
That we may be
Unceasingly
In unity
Of heart with thee.

H Y M N

CXXIX.

FROM cleft in Pyrenæan rock
The healing waters flow,
And well their gentle powers to save
The sick and suffering know.

“ Saint Saviour ” * is the name they give
To that blest mountain place,
A name that speaks the Holy One,
And his redeeming grace.

Far better than Abana’s stream,
Or Pharpar’s crystal tide,
Or Jordan’s depth, the cleansing flood
From his most precious side.

At morn and eve the impotent
To him for help repair,
And gladly sweet refreshing draughts
Of sacred comfort share.

Foul leprosies are washed from off
The sin polluted soul :
And they who sat in darkness see,
For Christ has made them whole.

Ho ! every one whose spirit thirsts
For ever blessed health,
To Jesus come, and freely take
Of his renewing wealth.

* “ Saint Sauveur,” a village in the high Pyrenees,
famous for its healing waters.

H Y M N

CXXX.

WHO, when beneath affliction's rod,
Can inward rest attain,
And bless the chastening love of God
In some remembered strain?

Who, when in pain he lies apart,
And powers of frame decay,
Can muse with holy joy of heart
On some familiar lay?

He can suffice for these good things,
Whose mind with Christ's is one;
Who closely in communion clings
To God's incarnate Son.

O Saviour, fount of wondrous might,
Let me this gift receive;
Thus, Lord, in sorrow's darkest night
Thy servant's grief relieve.

Let songs of Sion, known of old
Within the hallowed place,
My spirit cheer, my faith uphold
Through thine all strengthening grace.

H Y M N

CXXXI.

THOUSANDS, O Lord of hosts, to day
Within thy temple meet ;
And tens of thousands throng to pay
Their homage at thy feet.

They see thy power and glory there,
Where I have seen thee too ;
They read, they hear, they join in prayer,
As I was wont to do.

They sing thy deeds as I have sung,
In sweet and solemn lays ;
Were I among them, my glad tongue
Might learn new themes of praise.

For thou art in their midst to teach,
While they look up to thee ;
And thou hast blessings, Lord, for each,
And blessings too for me.

What time the bread thy servants break,
They food of life receive ;
The cup of saving health they take,
And all their need relieve.

The dew lies thick on all the ground,
Shall my poor fleece be dry?
The manna rains from heaven around,
Shall I of hunger die?

Behold thy prisoner, loose my bands,
If 'tis thy gracious will;
If not, contented in thy hands
Behold thy prisoner still.

I may not to thy courts repair,
Yet here thou surely art;
O give me here a house of prayer,
Here Sion's joys impart.

To faith reveal the things unseen,
To hope the joys untold;
Let love, without a veil between,
Thy presence now behold.

To God, my God, all glory be,
With Jesus Christ the Son,
And Comforter; coequal Three,
All holy blessed One.

H Y M N

CXXXII.

HOW sweet for those who still remain
On bed of weakness, grief, and pain,
To call to mind the victory won
By saints who erst their course have run.

The memory of the just is dear
To stay the rising, falling tear ;
Around their bright example glows,
And heavenly comfort richly flows.

The sufferer lies on hallowed ground,
Christ's witnesses his couch surround :
Their cheerfulness and patience tell
Of waters from the springing well.

The faith of Sion's holy dead,
As pillow soft to weary head,
Can through the silent watches still
The throbbing heart and restless will.

To him, by whom up hill of scorn
The cross was once so meekly borne,
Who, for the joy before him set,
Affliction's sharpest conflict met,

They looked ; and, not in vain, received
The strength that all their need relieved :
Thus, unto death resisting sin,
The chosen endless glory win.

H Y M N
CXXXIII.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravished heart?
But thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustained,
And all my wants redreſed,
When in my mother's arms I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedleſs steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently cleared my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

H Y M N
CXXXIV.

NO more to sigh, no more to weep,
Departed saints in Jesus sleep ;
A voice from heaven declares them blest,
In everlasting peace they rest.

What though the grave their bodies hold,
They have not left the Christian fold ;
Their Lord, their King, their God most high
They still with praises glorify.

In paradise the righteous meet
Beneath their dear Redeemer's feet ;
Awaiting there the trump that all
Before the judgment seat shall call.

O Saviour, we would softly tread
Where lie entombed the faithful dead,
And oft with fervent love repair
To gather thoughts of comfort there.

May we like blessed saints hold fast
Our heavenly hope while life shall last ;
May we like them our faith maintain,
And with them endless glory gain.

H Y M N

CXXXV.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
He lives who once was dead ;
To me in grief he comfort gives,
With peace he crowns my head.

He lives triumphant o'er the grave,
At God's right hand on high,
My ransomed soul to keep and save,
To bles and glorify.

He lives to fill my breast with love,
With joy my heart to feed ;
He lives to plead for me above,
To succour me in need.

He lives that I may also live,
And now his grace proclaim ;
He lives that I may honour give
To his most holy name.

Let strains of heavenly music rise,
While all their anthem sing
To Christ my precious sacrifice,
And everliving King.

H Y M N

CXXXVI.

R EDEEMER Lord,
In sweet accord
Evangelists proclaim
All saving health,
All lasting wealth
Through thy most righteous name.

Thy kingdom pure,
Which shall endure
For evermore, begins
In those who know,
How here below
To mortify their sins.

And they that will
Thy word fulfil,
Still seeking holy bliss,
Shall surely find
Their heart and mind
Reformed from things amiss.

O Christ our King,
Whose praise we sing,
Vouchsafe that we may see
Thy glorious face,
In that blest place,
Where saints shall reign with thee.

H Y M N
CXXXVII.

O WORLD, not all thy glittering toys
Can charm the souls that know
Themselves redeemed for higher joys
Than thou canst e'er bestow.

In vain are treasures sought for here,
On thy deceitful shore ;
Where nought but empty shells appear,
And thousands wreck deplore.

Away then take thy tinsel ware,
These bawbles we despise ;
We will of thy delights beware,
And heavenward turn our eyes.

Lord Jesu Christ, put forth thy hand,
And draw us after thee ;
That we around the throne may stand,
And thy great glory see :

That we thy sacred name may bless
In realms of cloudless day,
And reap with saints the happiness
That ne'er shall pass away.

H Y M N
CXXXVIII.

MOST gracious Lord, in all distress
A never failing aid,
In depths of woe and bitterness,
On thee our hope be laid.

We know the wonders thou hast wrought
On earth in days of old ;
How thy right hand deliverance brought,
And made the fearful bold.

Our fathers, when, by grief opprest,
To thee they humbly fled,
Were oft with healing comfort blest,
And out of trouble led.

Their children at the mercy seat
Now tell in prayer their need ;
Before the throne of grace they meet,
And timely succour plead.

O God, our lamentation hear,
And full relief extend
To all whose hearts with holy fear
In contrite sorrow bend.

H Y M N
CXXXIX.

A RISE, ye faithful, bless the Lord,
Whose love and care uphold
Our souls and bodies compassed round
With dangers manifold.

In concert lift your thanks to him
Who heard our mournful cries,
When humbly to his throne we came
With tears and contrite sighs.

Chant hymns of grateful praise to God,
Whose angel stayed his hand,
When grievous desolation spread
Through our afflicted land.

O magnify the King of kings,
With holy joy proclaim
The goodness, power, and majesty
Of his all sovereign name.

Exalt your everlasting strength,
Your buckler, rock, and tower ;
His soul converting grace make known,
Declare his saving power.

So let the ransomed company,
Through Sion's sacred ways,
With cherubim and seraphim
Their Alleluia raise.

H Y M N

CXL.

NOW, O Lord, thy children raise
Holy songs in grateful praise ;
Thanks our inmost heart inflame,
High their joy our lips proclaim :
Countless gifts to thee we owe,
From thy love rich blessings flow.

Gentle showers, and glistening dews,
Rays which gladdening heat diffuse,
Freshening winds that softly pour
Fragrance from their wondrous store ;
Lord, for these thy children raise
Holy songs in grateful praise.

Fruitful trees, and grassy fields,
Flowers which every garden yields,
Flocks that whiten far the plain,
Plenteous sheaves of golden grain ;
Lord, for these thy children raise
Holy songs in grateful praise.

H Y M N

CXLI.

LORD of the harvest's ripened grain,
To thee we lift the festal strain,
For crops safe gathered, sent to cheer
Thy people through another year;
For all sweet holy thoughts supplied
By seed time, and by harvest tide.

The bare dry grain, in autumn sown,
Its robe of vernal green puts on;
Glad from its wintry bed it springs,
Fresh garnished by the King of kings;
So, Lord, to those who sleep in thee
Shall new and glorious bodies be.

Nor vainly of thy word we ask
A lesson from the reaper's task;
So shall thine angels issue forth,
The tares be burnt; the just of earth,
The sport of wind and storm no more,
Be gathered to their Father's store.

And daily, Lord, our prayers be said,
As thou hast taught, for daily bread;
But not alone our bodies feed,
Supply our fainting spirit's need:
O Bread of life, from day to day,
Be thou our comfort, food, and stay.

H Y M N

CXLII.

LORD God of hosts, with heavenly grace
Now beautify this lowly place ;
And day by day thy blessing pour
On those who here thy name adore.

As dewdrops diamond hues display
Beneath the sun's enlivening ray,
So let this tabernacle shine,
Made glorious by the Light divine.

What time within this shrine we bow
With troubled heart, or aching brow,
In love behold thy suppliants' grief ;
In mercy grant to all relief.

Be present when thy flock draw nigh
Thy saving power to magnify ;
When high in song thy children raise
The sacrifice of thanks and praise.

All hallowed be thy house, O God,
By saintly feet these courts be trod ;
And ne'er may worldly cares destroy
Their lovely peace, and holy joy.

H Y M N

CXLIII.

THE holy angels, winged with love,
Descend from glorious realms above ;
From homes of never fading light,
From blissful mansions clear and bright.

They come to watch around us here,
To soothe our sorrow, calm our fear ;
To guide us through the narrow way,
And lead us heavenward day by day.

They ever at his journey's end
The faithful child of God befriend ;
With joyous hope they cheer his heart,
In peace they bid his soul depart.

Good Lord, when we to death draw nigh,
From seraph host a guard supply,
To shield us in our parting hour
With watchful care, and strengthening power.

H Y M N

CXLIV.

BEFORE the throne a countless band
Of Sion's ransomed children stand ;
Their brows are wreathed with chaplets bright,
As victors in the deadly fight.

Through tribulation's fire they came,
Beneath the cross they met the flame ;
And now from all their woe they rest,
With everlasting comfort blest.

They pain of body feel no more,
No more they grief of heart deplore ;
The tears are wiped from every eye,
And hushed is sorrow's inmost sigh.

To God, the saints' eternal King,
In high exultant psalms they sing ;
To Christ, the saints' triumphal praise,
They ceaseless hymns of glory raise.

H Y M N

CXLV.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Sion, city of our God ;
He, whose word can ne'er be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode.

On the Rock of ages founded,
Who can shake thy sure repose ?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

Thine the pure and living waters,
Welling from the throne above :
Thither speed thy sons and daughters,
Slaking thirst in streams of love.

Christ's deep love his people raises
Over self to reign as kings ;
And, as priests, with solemn praises,
Each the pure thank offering brings.

Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show ;
Solid joy, and lasting treasure,
None but God's true hearted know.

Glory to our God, and merit,
Highest he above all height ;
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
One in praise, and one in might.

H Y M N

CXLVI.

J ERUSALEM, Jerusalem,
Name alway dear to me,
When shall mine earthly labour end,
And I thy glory see ?
When shall mine eyes thy jasper wall,
And gates of pearl behold ;
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And street of shining gold ?

Apostles, prophets, martyrs there
Shall round the Saviour stand,
With all who in his faith depart,
One great and goodly band :
There all the saintly company
Who followed Christ the Lord,
Shall evermore in anthems high
His saving strength record.

Faint not then, O my soul, at pain,
Nor feel at death dismay ;
Let hope of Salem's heavenly peace
Thy grief and fear allay :
Rejoice, and with Hosannas laud
Thy blest Redeemer King ;
To him who reigns on Sion's hill
In strains of gladness sing.

H Y M N
CXLVII.

HOW bright these glorious spirits shine !
Whence all their white array ?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day ?

Through trouble deep, and suffering dire
They reached the realms of light ;
In Christ's most precious blood were washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

O'er death triumphant, now they stand
Before the throne on high ;
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every tongue to sing ;
Continually the sacred courts
With Alleluias ring.

The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside ;
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

To heavenly streams he'll lead them forth,
Where living water cheers ;
And from their eyes the Lord himself
Shall wipe away all tears.

H Y M N

CXLVIII.

WHO are these that palms are bearing,
These who on mount Sion stand ?
Each a golden crown is wearing,
Who are all this wondrous band ?
Hark ! they Alleluia sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.

These are they who long contended
In the blest Redeemer's name ;
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Sin and death they overcame :
Bravely they the fight sustained,
Through the Lamb they triumph gained.

These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried ;
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified :
Now all grief and sorrow past,
Evermore their joy shall last.

These are they who strength receiving
From the fount by grace supplied,
Turned from sin the unbelieving,
To confess the Crucified :
Round the throne as stars they shine,
Radiant with the light divine.

H Y M N

CXLIX.

JERUSALEM the heavenly,
The hope of God's elect,
The dear and future vision
That saintly hearts expect ;
Beneath thy contemplation
The spirit fails and faints ;
All vainly would it image
The assembly of the saints.

They stand, those halls of Sion,
Conjubilant with song,
Of prophet, and apostle,
And holy martyr throng ;
The Prince is ever in them,
And aye serene the light :
The mansions of the blest are
As burnished silver bright.

There is the seat of David,
And there, from toil released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The joy of them that feast ;
They reign beneath their leader,
Who conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever,
In robe of virgin white.

H Y M N

CL.

BLESSED city, heavenly Salem,
 Vision dear of peace and love,
Who, of living stones upbuildest,
 Art the joy of courts above,
And, with angel armies circled,
 As a bride to earth dost move !

Bright with pearls thy portals glitter,
 Day and night they open wide ;
And, by virtue of His merits,
 Thither entering, there abide,
All who for the name of Jesus
 In this world were crushed and tried.

Many a blow and dint most heavy
 Well prepared those stones elect,
In their places now compacted
 By the heavenly architect :
Who therewith has willed for ever
 That his palace should be decked.

Glorious lie the twelve foundations,
 Christ the head and corner stone,
Chosen of the Lord and precious,
 Binding all the church in one :
Holy Sion's joy for ever,
 And her confidence alone.

All that dedicated city,
 Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
 Pours continual melody ;
God, the Father, Son, and Spirit,
 Hymning everlasting. Amen.

CERTAIN ANTHEMS.

I.

LORD, for thy tender mercy's sake lay not our sins to our charge, but forgive that is past, and give us grace to amend our sinful life ; to decline from sin, and incline to virtue : that we may walk with a perfect heart, that we may walk with a perfect heart before thee now and evermore.

II.

HIDE not thou thy face from us, O Lord, and cast not off thy servants in thy displeasure, for we confess our sins unto thee, and hide not our unrighteousness ; for thy mercy's sake, for thy mercy's sake deliver us from all our sins, deliver us from all our sins.

III.

O LORD my God, O Lord my God, hear thou the prayer thy servant prayeth, have thou respect unto his prayer, have thou respect unto his prayer. Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling place, and when thou hearest, Lord, forgive : hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling place, and when thou hearest, Lord, forgive ; forgive, forgive, O Lord, forgive.

IV.

O LORD, we trust alone in thee, alone in thee, alone in thee ; in thee we trust ; in thee, O Lord, in thee, O Lord : O Lord we trust alone in thee.

V.

O SAVIOUR, O Saviour of the world, who by thy cross and precious blood hast redeemed us, hast redeemed us, save us, and help us, we humbly beseech thee, O Lord : who by thy cross and precious blood, who by thy cross and precious blood, hast redeemed us, save us, and help us, we humbly beseech thee. Save us, help us, O Lord : O Lord, we humbly beseech thee, O Lord. Amen. Amen.

A TABLE OF SCRIPTURES.

HYMN.

- I.....Malachi iv. 2.
- II.....S. John i. 4-14.
- III.....Psalm lvii. 8.
- IV.....1 Timothy vi. 16.
- V.....Judges v. 31.
- VI.....Lamentations iii 22, 23.
- VII.....Psalm v. 3.
- VIII.....Psalm lxv. 9-14.
- IX.....2 S. Peter iii. 8-13.
- X.....Psalm iv. 9.
- XI.....Psalm cxli. 2.
- XII.....S. Luke xxiv. 29.
- XIII.....Psalm xcii. 2.
- XIV.....Hebrews iv. 9.
- XV.....Revelation i. 7.
- XVI.....Isaiah xxv. 9.
- XVII.....S. Matt. xxiv. 29-51.
- XVIII.....S. Luke xxi. 25-33.
- XIX.....Psalm l. 3-6.
- XX.....Isaiah lx. 1-3.
- XXI.....Hosea vi. 1-3.
- XXII.....Zechariah ix. 9.
- XXIII.....Isaiah vii. 10-17.
- XXIV.....S. Luke ii. 8-14.
- XXV.....2 Corinthians v. 13-21.
- XXVI.....Philippians ii. 5-11.
- XXVII.....Isaiah ix. 6, 7.
- XXVIII.....Isaiah xi. 2-5.
- XXIX.....Revelation xvii. 14.
- XXX.....Revelation i. 9.
- XXXI.....Colossians iii. 4-17.
- XXXII.....Psalm cxxi. 8.
- XXXIII.....Numbers xxiv. 17.
- XXXIV.....Isaiah lii. 7.
- XXXV.....Isaiah ix. 1-3.
- XXXVI.....Acts xvi. 9, 10.
- XXXVII.....2 Cor. iv. 4-7.

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- XXXVIII.....S. Matt. xi. 28-30.
- XXXIX.....2 Cor. xi. 21-31.
- XL.....Psalm cxlviii. 11-14.
- XL.....Romans viii. 35-39.
- XLII.....1 Cor. ix. 24-26.
- XLIII.....Ephesians iv. 20-32.
- XLIV.....Malachi iii. 1-3.
- XLV.....Job xxxviii. 4-7.
- XLVI.....Psalm xix. 1-4.
- XLVII.....2 S. Peter iii. 8-14.
- XLVIII.....Hebrews xi. 33-40.
- XLIX.....S. Matt. xxvi. 38-41.
- L.....Joel ii. 13-17.
- LII.....Proverbs i. 20-33.
- LII.....Isaiah lv. 6, 7.
- LIII.....Ecclesiastes xi. 6.
- LIV.....S. James i. 13-27.
- LV.....S. Matthew xv. 25.
- LVI.....Psalm cxxx.
- LVII.....S. John xii. 22, 23.
- LVIII.....S. Mark x. 32-34.
- LIX.....S. Matthew xxi. 1-16.
- LX.....Revelation xx. 11-15.
- LXI.....Isaiah ix. 18-20.
- LXII.....S. John xiii. 23.
- LXIII.....S. John xix. 25-27.
- LXIV.....Philippians iii. 7-10.
- LXV.....S. John xix. 28-37.
- LXVI.....Lamentations i. 12.
- LXVII.....Ephesians l. 7.
- LXVIII.....S. Luke xxii. 55, 56.
- LXIX.....S. Luke xxiv. 1-35.
- LXX.....S. John xx. 19, 20.
- LXXI.....Psalm lxxii. 9-15.
- LXXII.....S. John xvi. 22.
- LXXIII.....Hebrews ii. 14, 15.
- LXXIV.....Canticles iv. 5.

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- LXXV.....Ephesians i. 3-23.
 LXXVI.....S. John x. 1-18.
 LXXVII.....I Cor. xv. 55-58.
 LXXVIII.....Deut. xxxiv. 1.
 LXXIX...Canticles ii. 10-13.
 LXXX....Hebrews x. 11-24.
 LXXXI....Hebrews ii. 9-13.
 LXXXII..S. Luke xxiv. 49-53.
 LXXXIII....Rev. xxi. 22-27.
 LXXXIV....Deut. xxxiii. 15.
 LXXXV.....Acts iv. 13-33.
 LXXXVI.....Acts ii.
 LXXXVII.Galatians v. 19-24.
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 LXXXIX.....Genesis i. 1.
 XC.....I Cor. xii. 1-13.
 XCI..S. Matt. xxviii. 16-20.
 XCIIRevelation xv.
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 XCVIII....Hebrews xi. 13-16.
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 C.....Ephesians iii. 14-21.
 CI.....Isaiah xxxiii. 17.
 CII.....Isaiah xxxv.
 CIII....Psalm cxlviii. 7-12.
 CIV.....S. Matt. xxvi. 6-13.
 CV....Habakkuk iii. 17, 18.
 CVI.....Hebrews vii. 25.
 CVII.....I S. John iv. 10-19.
 CVIII.....Psalm lxxx. 8-11.
 CIXS. Matthew vi. 34.
 CX.....Isaiah xlivi. 1-7.
 CXI.....Psalm lxxvii.
 CXII...Proverbs viii. 22-36.

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- CXIII.....S. John xiv. 23-27.
 CXIV...Nehemiah ix. 11-15.
 CXV....Ephesians vi. 10-17.
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 CXVII....Ephesians iv. 4-16.
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 CXLV....Psalm lxxxvii. 1-3.
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I.....Skeats.	XXXVIII.....All saints.
II.....S. Ambrose.	XXXIX.....S. Bernard.
III.....Goldel.	XL.....Waldeck.
IV.....Magdeburg.	XLI.....Swabia.
V.....Whitehall.	XLII.....Pleyel.
VI.....Eisenach.	XLIII.....Ely.
VII.....Irish.	XLIV.....Colchester.
VIII.....Glastonbury.	XLV.....Manchester new.
IX.....Wells.	XLVI.....Rostoc.
X.....Tallis.	XLVII.....Cambridge.
XI.....Stirling.	XLVIII.....Bristol.
XII.....Hursley.	XLIX.....S. Matthias.
XIII.....Bavaria.	L.....Dundee.
XIV.....Luther.	LI.....Gibbons.
XV.....Manheim.	LII.....Ravenna.
XVI.....Altorf.	LIII.....S. Bride.
XVII.....S. Patrick.	LIV.....Caithness.
XVIII.....Old martyrs.	LV.....Dunfermline.
XIX.....Franconia.	LVI.....S. Mary.
XX.....Melrofs	LVII.....Osnaburg.
XXI.....S. Matthew.	LVIII.....Culrofs.
XXII.....Moravia.	LIX.....Arles.
XXIII.....Innocents.	LX.....Abridge.
XXIV.....Warwick.	LXI.....Oriel.
XXV.....Mendelssohn.	LXII.....Culbach.
XXVI.....Portuguese.	LXIII.....Oldenburg.
XXVII.....Ladbroke.	LXIV.....Saxony.
XXVIII.....S. George.	LXV.....Coburg.
XXIX.....Bishopthorpe.	LXVI.....Goudimel.
XXX.....S. Clement.	LXVII.....Presburg.
XXXI.....Carlisle.	LXVIII.....Ratisbon.
XXXII.....Durham.	LXIX.....S. Gregory.
XXXIII.....Rockingham.	LXX.....Mendelssohn.
XXXIV.....S. Cecilia.	LXXI.....Worgan.
XXXV.....Darwell.	LXXII.....Southwark.
XXXVI.....Greenland.	LXXIII.....Hanover.
XXXVII.....Nafbau.	LXXIV.....Keble.

HYMN		HYMN.	
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LXXVI.....	Gibbons.	CXIV.....	S. Werbergh.
LXXVII.....	S. James.	CXV.....	S. Michael.
LXXVIII.....	Bedford.	CXVI.....	Armagh.
LXXIX.....	Craselius.	CXVII.....	Mendelssohn.
LXXX.....	Middleham.	CXVIII.....	Excelsior.
LXXXI.....	S. David.	CXIX.....	Croyland.
LXXXII.....	Lubeck.	CXX.....	Vienna.
LXXXIII.....	Strasburg.	CXXI.....	Eatington.
LXXXIV.....	York.	CXXII.....	French.
LXXXV.....	Salisbury.	CXXIII.....	Dort.
LXXXVI.....	S. Anne.	CXXIV.....	Lincoln.
LXXXVII	S. Jerom.	CXXV.....	Andernach
LXXXVIII.....	Salsburg.	CXXVI.....	Oxford.
LXXXIX.....	Moscow.	CXXVII.....	Este.
XC.....	Abbey.	CXXVIII.....	Beverley.
XCI.....	Swis tune.	CXXIX.....	Gloucester.
XCII.....	S. Crofs.	CXXX.....	S. Stephen.
XCIII.....	Trinity.	CXXXI.....	Ravenscroft.
XCIV.....	Angels.	CXXXII.....	Magdalene.
XCV.....	University.	CXXXIII.....	Canterbury.
XCVI.....	Savoy.	CXXXIV.....	S. Paul.
XCVII.....	Kent.	CXXXV.....	London new.
XCVIII.....	Leoni.	CXXXVI.....	Farrant.
XCIX.....	Wareham.	CXXXVII.....	Tallis.
C.....	Newmarket.	CXXXVIII.....	Burford.
CL.....	Devonshire.	CXXXIX.....	Westminster.
CII.....	Stutgard.	CXL.....	Spanish chant.
CIII.....	Norwood.	CXLI.....	Halle.
CIV.....	Leeds.	CXLII.....	Leipsic.
CV.....	Surrey.	CXLIII.....	Melcombe.
CVI.....	Norwich.	CXLIV.....	Bishop.
CVII.....	Northampton.	CXLV.....	Prague.
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CIX.....	Beethoven.	CXLVII.....	Winchester.
CX.....	Chichester.	CXLVIII.....	Waltham.
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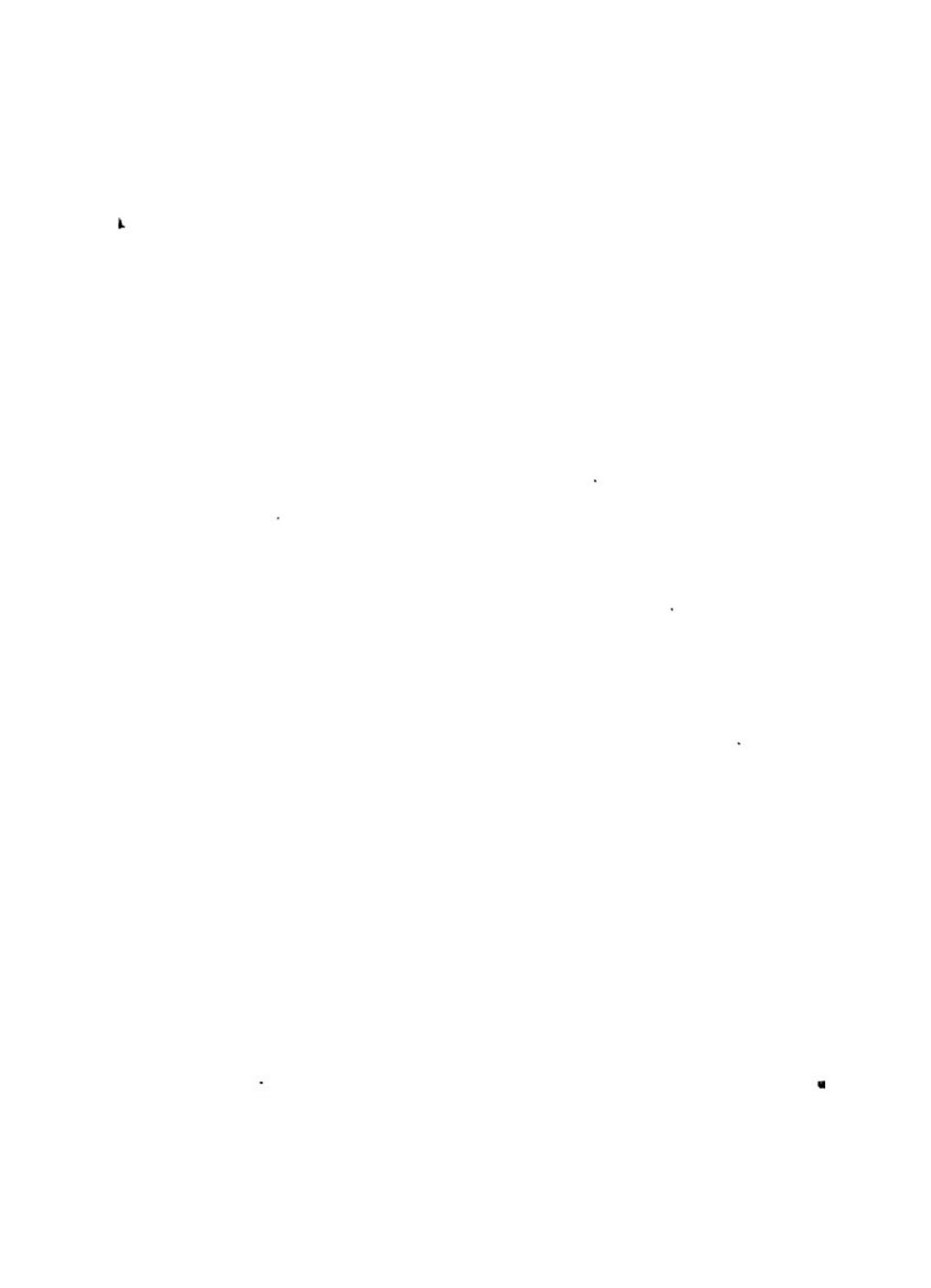
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REVELATION, v.

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him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for
ever and ever. Amen.



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